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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODISTS

JUNE 1973

The Long Way Back From Flood's Despair
Why Liberals and Conservatives Need Each Other
Alcoholics: Not All on Skid Row

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Why *United Methodists Today*?

THE news columns in last month's *Together* reported a decision of the United Methodist Board of Publication to create a new magazine to replace the present general periodicals, *Together* and *Christian Advocate*, at the beginning of next year. The proposed name of the new publication is *United Methodists Today*. As the name implies, the new monthly journal will have a fresh focus upon people and upon current happenings. It plans sharp, dramatic display of stories; smaller, more personal page size; and stimulating content of relevant faith for United Methodists in general. It will continue some of the color visuals which have won *Together* both friends and journalism awards through its 17-year existence.

Christian Advocate has a venerable history that goes back as far as 1826. Its present form as a specialized magazine for ministers dates to the advent of the "bold venture" in 1956 when *Together* was launched as the general magazine for families. (In 1969 the Evangelical United Brethren general magazine, *Church and Home*, merged with *Together*.) In the new periodicals plan, to begin in 1974, all United Methodist ministers will receive *Today*, plus an additional 32-page pastors' journal, under the same cover but removable for separate use.

In light of citations for journalistic excellence in recent years, your editors do not regard these changes as a repudiation of the present publications, but rather as an honest attempt to deal responsibly with the changing situations of our day. All general magazines have problems (witness the demise of *Life*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and others). The new approach attempts to face the problems squarely.

John E. Procter, president and publisher of The United Methodist Publishing House, stated that the changes, resulting from a year and a half of study, would meet several needs. "We have not been reaching all United Methodist pastors with either of the two magazines, and as a minimum we should reach this group. We also need to reach a larger general audience; we need to involve other boards and agencies of the church in meeting communications needs of the church, and we need to achieve an economically viable program."

Since the Board of Publication has already placed the general-periodicals situation before the General Council on Ministries and plans a further presentation at its fall meeting, the board apparently has determined to ask the total church to face its responsibility in deciding what publications it needs and how it proposes to support them. This is really the only responsible way any denomination should resolve such a question.

It may appear that the editors of *Together* have a vested interest in these developments, and this is undeniably true. But it also is clear that the General Conference has repeatedly avoided directly facing its responsibility in charting directions both for the general periodicals and for the multiplicity of other publications issued from general-church agencies. For the eight years from 1962 to 1970 the subsidy from the Publishing House for the general periodicals averaged \$400,000 annually.

Only the most careful expense reductions by management, including serious cutbacks in staff, publications size, and other economies, have reduced the subsidy to approximately \$250,000 annually the past two years.

The publisher has rightfully asked if the Publishing House is justified in continuing to support a periodicals program at the expense of the amount available for conference claimants, especially if the church in general does not support the program. Furthermore, other worthy publishing ventures which operate at a loss but are an expression of the church's mission must be delayed. In too many congregations, *Together* is never mentioned. Some ministers obviously have not looked at the magazine for years, yet seem critical of it through vague recollections of an image of other days. Little support is given the general magazine by many annual conferences or districts. Recent research shows that few *Together* agents function effectively in local churches. Research also indicates the majority of United Methodists either find it difficult or actually do not know how to subscribe to *Together* although they might like to do so.

Thus, the new ideas, format, and emphasis of *United Methodists Today* will attempt to generate new interest, enthusiasm, and support for this general magazine which, according to the *Book of Discipline*, is to be "vital to the religious life of all United Methodists." The two-in-one magazine concept for ministers also will enable them to see firsthand the magazine developed for their members as well as to receive in the same package useful tools for assisting them in their professional ministry.

This approach will allow the Board of Publication to have two years' experience with this new program before the General Conference of 1976. At that time The United Methodist Church should face squarely its own responsibility to decide what to do about all its periodicals.

The present situation reflects the fragmented approach to communications unfortunately extant in the church today. Because they have an important story to tell, various agencies of the church invest substantial funds annually in supporting publications and communications programs. This is not to blame anyone but rather to recognize that historically church communications developed in a helter-skelter manner. To local churches, the unfortunate result is a confusion of voices from many directions, duplications of messages and media, and an exorbitant price tag to support the ineffective system.

We hope that the introduction of *Today* with its ministry section is one step in the right direction. We further hope that our church will seriously study its tangled, fragmented style of communications, evaluating them both from the standpoint of effectiveness and economics, and chart a responsible course for the future. Let us seek to make maximum use of all our resources to minister in the name of Jesus Christ to the church and to the world through all appropriate media available to us as a witnessing community of faith. —Your Editors



Standing as a symbol on the lakefront at Chautauqua, N.Y., is the 70-foot-tall, 62-year-old Miller Bell Tower. It bears the family name of Lewis Miller, an Ohio industrialist and Methodist layman who in 1874 founded the Chautauqua Institution with John H. Vincent, later a Methodist bishop. As interesting as the shrubbery-surrounded, Italian-type tower itself are the bells that ring out over Chautauqua's historic grounds. An electric clock also is connected with the bells so that a Westminster chime rings on every quarter hour. For more about the institution, past and present, see *Chautauqua: Still Flourishing After a Century* [pages 23-27].

STAFF

Editorial Director and Editor:
Curtis A. Chambers

Managing Editor: Paige Carlin

Associate Editors: Herman B. Teeter,
Helen Jahnsan, Martha A. Lane,
James F. Campbell, Sandra Leneau

Art Editor: Robert C. Gass

Picture Editor: George P. Miller

News Editor: John A. Lavelace

Assistants: Lynda Campo and
Debra Beachy (news),
June M. Schwanke (research),
Debra Davies (production)

Contributing Editors: James S. Thomas,
Dale White

Business-Circulation Manager:
Warren P. Clark

Advertising Manager: John H. Fisher

Fulfillment Manager: Jack I. Inman

Publisher: John E. Practer

Together®

FOR UNITED METHODISTS

JUNE 1973

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An event looked forward to with anticipation every day here at *Together* is the arrival of the morning mail. Usually around 9 a.m., the letters, manila envelopes, and magazines arrive at our desks.

When we sort through the mail, we can't help looking first for the letters that appear to come from you readers, usually hand-addressed with many out-of-state postmarks. Some, we know, will contain complaints or strongly expressed opinions. And we are as glad to get these as we are the complimentary ones. (Well, almost.)

What is disappointing are the anonymous letters with no return address, usually signed "a reader," or with no signature at all. Some contain worthwhile comments that we would like to include in *Say It!* or our *Letters* department. But we never publish a letter or *Say It!* item from a contributor unwilling to reveal his identity.

That doesn't mean we won't withhold the name of a person if he requests (for a good reason) that we do so. But the real name of the contributor must be known to us so that we are able, as is sometimes necessary, to authenticate what the person has written. So, please, don't break up our morning-mail delight with an unsigned letter.

Also in our morning mail are manuscripts from aspiring authors, also eagerly read for one in a hundred that hits the bull's-eye for a sale.

Such a one received several months ago was **Nova Trimble Ashley's** *Gentle Is the Dark* [page 20]. But hitting the bull's-eye is nothing new for Mrs. Ashley, though most of her work—in contrast to her article in this issue—is poetry. She has had material published in more than 100 newspapers and magazines since her first sale at the age of eight.

Because her poetry has been so widely published, Mrs. Ashley has acquired a considerable following of poetry-writing fans.

"We had to get a larger mailbox," she says. "Sadly enough, 80 percent of the letters are from people asking how they can sell their poetry or sending their poems to me, sometimes stacks of them with no return postage . . . and I just despair. But then I realize these are people who are in need, and I answer them."

So maybe we'd better not give Mrs. Ashley's address, but we can tell you that twice she was named Poet of the Year by the Kansas Chapter of the Midwest Federation of Chaparral Poets.

Now that summer is at hand and the land is green again, we'd like to be away from this desk for a long stroll down the walks at Chautauqua, N.Y. Which reminds us of a sidelight item about this century-old institution. [See *Chautauqua: Still Flourishing After a Century*, page 23.] Only because of its many friends during one grave crisis is Chautauqua still with us. That was the financial crisis it faced during the depression of the 1930s. At the end of the 1933 season, Chautauqua's liabilities had reached \$785,512, and there was no money to pay the accumulated interest.

The daring attempt that finally saved Chautauqua is too involved to describe here, but it included the contributions and work of many people in many states—and at the end of the 1936 season Chautauqua was solvent again.

It is hard to believe that the photograph of Telstar which appears on page 30, illustrating the Rev. John E. Pugh's *Unexplored Worlds*, was taken almost ten years ago. Now there are so many other satellites in space that transworld audio and visual communication has become commonplace.

What we should point out, however, is that the photograph is a composite picture of the actual spacecraft against a star background photographed by an astronomical observatory.

This month's *People* feature [page 28] had been written by our **Marti Lane** before she realized she had come up with three interesting personalities sharing the same last name. Ed Gordon of New York, however, is not related to Mildred and Gordon Gordon of California.

And while we're talking about *People*, do you know someone whose vocation or avocation or accomplishments might interest our readers? We specialize in United Methodists, of course, but Christians of all churches are included. If you have a candidate, drop us a line. And you'll sign your name, won't you?—Your Editors

Kingston, Pennsylvania . . .

The Long Way Back From Flood's Despair

Text by PAIGE CARLIN

Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

REMEMBER that flood they had in New York and Pennsylvania last year? It came along after one of those East Coast hurricanes—Agnes, they called it—and it caused a lot of damage and drove a lot of people out of their homes. You remember.

But that was almost a year ago. Why talk about it now? They must have things back in pretty good shape by this time, right?

Wrong.

Except perhaps for an earthquake, no natural calamity is so pervasive, so indiscriminate in inflicting its havoc as is a flood. And as floods go, the Susquehanna River's 1972 rampage certainly was no slouch. It has been called the most widespread natural disaster in U.S. history.

Wilkes-Barre, on the Susquehanna's east side, was at the center of northeastern Pennsylvania's flood-stricken region, and it was from there that national news media datelined their dispatches and televised their reports. Rightfully, however, the distinction of being Pennsylvania's hardest-hit city belongs to Kingston, low-lying on the west side of the river opposite Wilkes-Barre. It was a horrendous distinction, but it is supported by rather simple statistics:

Fully 99 percent of Kingston was covered with up to 24 feet of water. Out of 6,656 residential and commercial structures in town, only 27 escaped flood damage of any kind. One hundred fifty were totally destroyed.

And after the water went down, there was the mud—several debris-filled, putrid inches of it inside every first-floor room in town. There were also the ruptured gas and sewer lines, the broken glass, the soggy, twisted furniture, the lack of water to drink or to scrub out the

After suffering through disaster together, United Methodists and United Presbyterians of Kingston, Pa., decided they should be more than just good neighbors. Now united, they use the former Methodist building for worship and education; the former Presbyterian church, a block away, to serve community needs.



houses with, and (they laugh about it now) the shortage of buckets and mops to hand the hundreds of volunteers who came to help clean up. Later came the green mold. And the lingering smells.

It took most of last summer just to shovel out the mud, to salvage what little could be saved, to shed the tears that went with throwing out what could not be kept. More than just homes, cars, and businesses were swept away by those muddy Susquehanna waters. A whole way of life went too.

They marvel now at how naïve they were that morning of June 23 when the evacuation order came. They drove away from their homes feeling a little foolish when they knew that nothing really serious was going to happen. The floodwall built after the last great flood in 1936 had never been topped. And they talk about the kinds of things they lost—not the high-priced things but the irreplaceable ones like family photo albums, the children's high-school honor awards and diplomas, the wedding book and the children's baby books, a treasured library, a collection of slides from a college trip to Europe.

Kingston lies in what is called the Wyoming Valley, a history-rich section of the Susquehanna where the river broadens out for 20 miles or so. Valley residents readily concede, of course, that in last June's flood they had cause to be thankful even in the face of catastrophe. Unlike the deluge that claimed 220 lives in Rapid City, S.Dak., a week earlier, the Pennsylvania flood caused few deaths. The Pennsylvanians can't help feeling a bit resentful, however, that the extent of their troubles and the long, long road they must travel back to recovery of their normal lives really haven't been understood by the rest of the nation.

In mid-March, nine months after the flood, half of Kingston's evacuated families still were unable to return to their homes. Most were still living in mobile homes provided (rent-free for a year) by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Mostly the trailers are grouped together in "disaster housing areas" around town and up to 20 miles away. Some are parked on the family's own property attached to utility lines that emerge from their now unlivable house. Even now, driving through Kingston streets is a surrealistic kind of trip. Nothing seems unusual until you see one of those trailer houses parked incongruously on a front lawn or squeezed into a narrow side yard. Then you notice that few of the houses have draperies at the windows, pictures on the walls, or furniture in the rooms, and you realize that most are empty. Nearer the river, where the floodwaters were highest and most turbulent, you see vacant lots where severely damaged homes have been bulldozed down and hauled away.

With mild spring weather came swarms of contractors from Philadelphia, Scranton, and Allentown to cash in on the bonanza of reconstruction. ("We love 'em and we

hate 'em at the same time," said one Kingstonian.) Curbs were mounded with broken lumber, plaster, and trash—too much for the refuse haulers to keep up with—and the town echoed with the squeals of power saws and the sounds of hammering.

Not everyone, though, is ready yet to rebuild or repair his property. Many face agonizing decisions about the future. In its indiscriminate way the flood hit specially hard at middle-income families who enjoyed a life-style of affluence in expensive new homes, heavily mortgaged. After the disaster they found themselves facing 12, 15, or more years of paying off a mortgage balance with nothing but a pile of muddy rubble left to show for what the mortgage money built.

They can get Small Business Administration (SBA) loans (1 percent interest for 30 years, the first \$5,000 forgiven), but the old mortgage must be paid off to retain clear title to the land.

Some will have no choice about rebuilding. All of Kingston has been declared a redevelopment area,



Pastors of the Church of Christ Uniting (from left) are the Revs. E. Allen Campbell, W. Charles Naugle, and Charles F. Gommer, Jr. It is a team ministry with executive responsibilities assigned each man. Last June flood water stood eight feet deep in the sanctuary. When it was gone, two inches of mud remained.



Months after the flood, says Mrs. Glenn Gooch, sightseers still found the wreckage of her family's home "a top attraction." The seven-room, ranch-style house was about four years old when the flood hit. It is in an area where water swirled along a high embankment after spilling through two breaks in the Susquehanna River dike. Below: Mr. Commer indicates the high-water mark on the former Presbyterian church doors.



eligible for HUD financing. As part of the redevelopment, decisions will be made about whether or not some areas of the city should continue to be residential or should be turned into parks or redeveloped for commercial use.

Redevelopment will strike some homeowners a double blow. Anxious to normalize their lives once again, they have gone ahead with repairs, ignoring or refusing to accept the possibility that their homes, even if rebuilt, might be in an area designated for nonresidential use. They will be indemnified, of course, if the redevelopment authorities decide to acquire and demolish their homes—but no more than the preflood value of their property. Anything they have spent to rebuild or repair will be lost. Much of the money that has been spent, oddly enough, has come in loans from the same federal government (through SBA) which would also pay (through HUD) to have the homes acquired and torn down.

It is difficult to imagine that anything positive could come out of the past year's catastrophic experience. But something did. It's called the Church of Christ Uniting in Kingston. If the flood had not acted as a catalyst, the 1,500 members of the Church of Christ Uniting would still be members of the First United Methodist Church and the Kingston Presbyterian Church.

Standing less than a block apart on Market Street, the two church buildings were both heavily damaged. The newer United Methodist building, erected in 1959 when fire destroyed its predecessor, had a congregation of more than a thousand members, two ministers, and an active program, but no great surplus of money. The Presbyterians, with one pastor and about 260 members, had an old but adequate building (distinguished by seven Tiffany glass windows) and a \$175,000 endowment.



Grudgingly, as they should, Wyoming Valley residents acknowledge some positive results of the flood. One is the bringing together under one roof of many formerly scattered social-service agencies. The first such center is in the remodeled Presbyterian church where these "human-services planners" stand ready to help.

Together the neighboring congregations had another asset: a solid history of friendship. There had been informal conversations about merger, and they had joined in summer worship services for several years. Their members had participated together in community-service projects, including, just before the flood, the formation of a housing corporation to serve the elderly. (The incorporation papers got soaked in the United Methodist church office.) No one thought, though, that the churches were ready yet for outright merger. Until after the flood.

It was the pastors who talked about it first. Presbyterian E. Allen Campbell, a Pittsburgh native, had been in Kingston only six months. A firm believer in Christian ecumenism, he had accepted the pastorate partly because he liked the way these Presbyterians and United Methodists worked together. And he hadn't been disappointed in the close working relationship that he had developed with his United Methodist counterparts, Charles F. Gommer, Jr., and W. Charles Naugle ("Chuck One" and "Chuck Two").

Early weeks after the flood were chaotic. No one knew where his friends and neighbors were, whether or not they were even alive. The pastors were among the first allowed back into the city. (Wearing a clerical collar helped.) No more immune to shock and to personal loss than anyone else, they spent much of the first few days trying to salvage personal belongings and to adjust their own emotions to the immensity of the disaster. After drying out their address books, they took to the streets, attempting to find out where their people were, what they needed in food and shelter, offering what comfort they could.

At first the need to clean up and repair the church

buildings seemed to merit low priority. Places for people to live were more important. The United Methodist fellowship hall was shoveled out, however, and a radio announcement of a worship service was made for the first Sunday in July. (It was to have been the Methodists' month on the joint summer schedule anyhow.) A couple dozen people showed up.

"We cried a lot," Chuck Gommer recalls. "Going back into your home and having to throw everything out . . . it took weeks to ventilate those feelings."

Chuck Naugle remembers those tearful summer worship services as one of the things that brought members of the two churches more firmly together than ever before, "holding one another up, sharing each other's grief."

Soon, in weekday conversations and in the Sunday-morning sharing, the pastors began to hear, "When are we going to clean up the church?"

"We realized," says Chuck Naugle, "we needed to do something to give support to the community, to rebuild the life of the church." And when the pastors suggested that the two congregations might rebuild together instead of separately, the idea seemed to capture unanimous support. "Many members of our two churches had lost all their personal possessions," Al Campbell points out. "When people endure such heartbreak, acceptance of the loss brings a special kind of freedom. It is a freedom from the past above everything else." (Overtures were made informally to the pastors of two other churches to join the union, but neither sensed interest among his people.)

By early August the United Methodist administrative board and the Presbyterian session had voted officially to start merger talks. For the next couple of months

counterpart groups of United Methodists and Presbyterians talked at length about how the merger could work. By October, after all the pews had been refinished and the paneled walls replaced, worship services were being held in the United Methodist sanctuary again—and the merger document was ready for a final vote.

The two congregations voted separately, unanimously in favor. The Wyoming Annual Conference gave the merger its United Methodist blessing, and on November 18 the Lackawanna Presbytery approved it too. That made it a reality. A service of inauguration was held January 7, 1973; national dignitaries of both denominations and the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) participated.

Taking its name from COCU's Plan of Union for the proposed merger of nine denominations, the Kingston Church of Christ Uniting remains in full relationship with both its parent churches, and the three pastors have dual membership in both bodies. Its structure is uniquely its own, adapted from the COCU plan and from a United Presbyterian model for local-church unions.

A "PARISH COUNCIL" has replaced the former United Methodist administrative board and Presbyterian session with all members of both now on the council in its first "transitional" year. The parish program is led by eight task-force groups, and the three pastors share leadership in a team ministry, each taking executive responsibility for particular program areas.

Al Campbell's leadership is in the task force on church and society which deals with the congregation's mission—to Kingston and beyond. He believes firmly that the merger is "a perfect marriage" because each former church had what the other lacked. But it was no mere marriage of convenience. It was merger for mission.

The proof, say the pastors, is in the way the new congregation is handling its resources—people, property, finances, and, not least, its new status as the valley's largest Protestant parish.

Putting its property to missional use is perhaps the most obvious thing the church has done so far. Besides restoring the former United Methodist building for parish functions, the congregation has committed \$150,000 for refurbishing and remodeling the Presbyterian church. It is now called the Community-Oriented Resource Center, and a major portion of the space is under a three-year lease as the site of a new demonstration project of the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare.

Al Campbell explained: In the past, persons needing such social services as medical or legal assistance, care for the aging, child welfare or day care, or housing aid had to seek these helps from offices scattered throughout Wilkes-Barre, Kingston, and elsewhere. State officials long have wanted to bring these services together under one roof—to save money by eliminating duplication and to serve their clients better. Now, with the flood again serving as a catalyst, the Department of Public Welfare has created the United Services Agency, an umbrella body which will open a half-dozen centers throughout Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. The Kingston Center in the remodeled Presbyterian church is the first.

The flood experience, said Mr. Campbell, had a profound effect on the way Wyoming Valley people think about public services often lumped together as "welfare." When the families of normally self-sufficient, well-to-do

professional men and business executives found themselves homeless and hungry, they quickly developed a new understanding of what it means to need public aid. As a result, some of the stigma is gone from accepting "welfare," and there is a climate of approval for the new style represented by the United Services Agency.

"The idea," says Mr. Campbell, "is that you treat the welfare recipient the same ways the church wants to treat people—as a human being worthy of certain dignities, like not having to stand in line, not having to run all over town."

It has been a long year of uncertainty since June 23, 1972, and much of that remains. Even before the flood the Wyoming Valley had economic problems growing out of historic dependence on a dying coal-mine industry. One of Kingston's larger businesses, a bakery that employed about 100, did not reopen after the flood, and a number of small shops in the commercial district remain unoccupied. After making a spring survey of business prospects, however, a local bank predicted that the city's commercial life will revive. (A number of business locations have been occupied by carpet and appliance concerns from outside the area, seeking to capitalize on the huge replacement market for these items.)

Money isn't scarce in Kingston right now, but the cash in circulation is what some call "funny money"—from SBA loans that people haven't yet started to repay.

The city itself will have debts too—big ones. Repair and replacement of waterlines, sewers, and streets is expected to cost \$22 million (to be borrowed from HUD). With the probable loss of 10 percent of the city's tax base through actual flood losses and the expected condemnation of other properties, taxes on the remaining real estate will have to go up.

Despite their personal troubles, members of the Church of Christ Uniting have exhibited amazing loyalty to their church. In the every-member canvass last fall only a handful of pledges were reduced from the amounts of the previous year. An appeal for One Great Hour of Sharing was made at a worship service this spring by a member whose own home was one of those the flood destroyed.

The church has budgeted \$7,000 this year to start repaying SBA loans of \$185,000 and \$115,000 which have helped finance the repair and remodeling of its buildings. Some help will come from churches in the Wyoming Conference which has set a goal of raising at least \$1 million to aid 14 flood-stricken congregations.

"We don't know what the situation will be two years from now when the question of increased taxes will come up, when the SBA money has been spent and the loans are being repaid," says Mr. Gommer.

For now, however, the merger and the reopening of the sanctuary have given everyone a needed psychological boost. Attendance at worship services is up, and there is renewed interest among some members who have been inactive for years.

"It's hard to say why," Mr. Gommer suggests. "We're getting affirmation from younger members who think the merger is exciting. Some, out of the loneliness and alienation and hurt, probably come seeking community. And I think some are here because in spite of all that has happened to them, they are alive and they want to affirm that." □



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NEWS

HOSPITAL DEBATE MARKS BISHOPS' FIRST OPEN SESSION

With press representatives and other visitors looking on for the first time, United Methodism's Council of Bishops exhibited its new participatory style of operation at a late April meeting in the nation's capital. "Going public" was not without some risk, and the risk proved real as the bishops became embroiled in debate over a lingering labor dispute at Methodist Hospital in Pikeville, Ky. The presence of pickets outside the headquarters hotel indicated the seriousness of the issue, and the closeness of two procedural votes--one tied, the other carried by one vote--indicated the division within the council. At issue is whether the hospital's board can be persuaded to bargain collectively with a union which claims to represent more than 200 persons who have been on strike against the hospital since last summer.

The hospital issue came to the bishops' meeting as a part of the report by their Administrative Concerns committee. Other committee reports were less complex. The Pastoral Concerns committee distributed a new handbook on bishops' overseas visitations. This traditional program is to be expanded to permit more overseas bishops to visit in this country. The Teaching Concerns committee reported on the need to support the Ministerial Education Fund, a churchwide source of funds for seminaries. The Relational Concerns committee exhibited a new 20-minute filmstrip on United Methodism's Statement of Social Principles.

Following their three-day business meeting, the bishops remained in Washington for a two-day seminar on Peace and Self-development of Peoples. Speakers included two U.S. senators, Kennedy of Massachusetts and Mathias of Maryland, and columnist Jack Anderson. Earlier in the week, at a banquet hosted by the Washington Area, the bishops had heard NBC's United Nations correspondent, Pauline Frederick.

Bishop Charles F. Golden of the Los Angeles Area succeeded Bishop O. Eugene Slater of the San Antonio Area as president of the council for 1973-74, and Bishop Dwight E. Loder of the Michigan Area was elected president-designate to assume office in 1974.

'UNITING' CHURCH NOT SURRENDERED AS COCU OBJECTIVE

Don't lose sight of this name: The Church of Christ Uniting. The name comes from the Consultation on Church Union (COCU), and the consultation has reaffirmed its determination to press on to the church union-uniting which it seeks. The reaffirmation came at COCU's 11th plenary session in early March in Memphis, Tenn., but some reporters there missed the point. "Plan shelved," said some. "Ship of union scuttled," said others. Not so. What is so is that COCU learned from listening to people all across main-line American Protestantism that they are not ready to enter structural church union. But they are willing--eager in more than a few cases--to experiment in unity.

Toward that end COCU's delegates--ten from each of the eight participating denominations--adopted several priorities, none ranked higher than any other. These include dealing with institutional racism; agreeing on faith, worship, and ministry; developing some "generating communities" in which local congregations would live and work together across denominational lines as they feel able; identifying that point in the church

MINISTER'S WIFE
MOTHER OF YEAR
IN TEXAS

at which most persons find their identity; and working out some mutual form to celebrate the Lord's Supper.

United Methodist delegates at Memphis affirmed church union as their own priority and pledged to press COCU's claims at all levels of the church. As documentation they have findings that two thirds of local United Methodist groups which studied and responded to COCU's Plan of Union generally approve it. By late 1974, under COCU's timetable, there may be a revised document for churches to consider on the long road to The Church of Christ Uniting.--John A. Lovelace



Gov. and Mrs. Dolph Briscoe congratulate Mrs. Donald E. Redmond of Austin as Texas Mother of the Year. Her husband is executive secretary, Texas Methodist Foundation. Their two sons are practicing psychiatrists. Mrs. Redmond has traveled in 64 countries and is in demand as a leader for mission schools in the Southwest.

SHE TAKES NEW JOB,
HE MOVES, TOO;
HOW'S IT WORKING?

What happens when a husband and wife both work and decide to move because of her job? Beverly and Sam Wong are finding out. She is the newly appointed executive secretary in the section of cultivation, Education and Cultivation Division, Board of Global Ministries. They will be moving to New York from the Chicago area where she is administrative assistant at Garrett Theological Seminary and he is a sociology professor at Barat College.

Commenting on the move in a recent interview, Mrs. Wong said, "I would not have accepted this kind of position in a location where I wasn't fairly sure that my husband would have the same kind of opportunity for his profession that I would have. The New York City area seemed a good place for him to find a teaching job or a research job or other kinds of things that he might be interested in. So, in that sense, it didn't seem a real conflict of interest.

"Another reason why we're doing this the way we are is my feeling for myself and for women generally. I think our responsibility to our ministry doesn't end when we get married. If we're called to be in some kind of ministry before we're married, then that doesn't really change after marriage. It might change in the form that the ministry might take, but we're still basically called to the ministry, and the decisions that we as a couple make along the line help to determine where the ministry goes. For instance, our decision not to have children, which was made quite independently of professional considerations, helps to determine what my opportunities are and what my approach to work will be.

"This kind of situation will probably come up more and more as women become more involved in professional work in the church and other areas. I think that professional women who are married will be very conscious of what the opportunities for their husbands will be, very much aware of how the dynamics work out. That has not always been the case. It's always been assumed that the husband's profession comes first. Where he moves, the wife goes; and if she finds something, fine, but if not, that's too bad."

RAVAGED COUNTRIES
STILL RECOVERING;
CHURCH RELIEF THERE

Bangladesh and Nicaragua are two ravaged countries, and the United Methodist Committee on Relief (UMCOR) is helping to rehabilitate the peoples of both. United Methodist involvement in Bangladesh has been extensive, says UMCOR Executive Secretary J. Harry Haines. UMCOR channeled \$710,000 into Bangladesh through the Bangladesh Emergency Relief and Rehabilitation Service (BERRS) under the World Council of Churches. Now the council is phasing out BERRS, and UMCOR has pledged \$650,000 to its successor agency, the Christian Commission for Development, made up of churchmen in the new nation. Of that money, \$100,000 is to be used to rehabilitate the fishing industry. Thousands of fishermen lost their boats and nets in the war and in an earlier cyclone. Also, \$90,000 has been pledged to maintain an orthopedic and amputee-rehabilitation center in Dacca, under direction of United Methodist surgeon Dr. Ron Garst, on loan from India. A team will work through May to build 500 Stack-Sack houses (cement typhoon and earthquake-proof houses) along the coast.

In Nicaragua, UMCOR has not experienced difficulty in distributing relief goods to earthquake victims, in contrast to reports that goods collected by Catholic Relief Services and distributed by the government were not reaching the right people. UMCOR money is building 1,000 Stack-Sack houses and feeding 20,000 people a day in Managua.

LONG, HOT SUMMER
FOR CHURCH YOUTH?
NOT NECESSARILY

It need not be a long, hot summer for United Methodist youth. Note some opportunities: Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colo., will hold an Iliff Academy June 18-22 for high-school students. Intensive study is planned in theology, Bible, and ethics. The academy is open to students who have completed their sophomore year and have a serious interest in the subjects under study. On those same June dates a churchwide media production workshop will be held at Florida Southern College, Lakeland. The "how to" workshop is designed primarily for high-school seniors, college-age youth, and adults who want to sharpen their techniques in motion pictures, video tapes, filmstrips, slides, cassettes, and so on, for use in local church, district, or other situations.

Just ahead of those events, on Sunday, June 10, local churches will observe the annual United Methodist Student Day. In addition to recognizing thousands of students, churches will take a special offering to provide assistance to United Methodist college and university students. Looking ahead, presidents of youth councils and coordinators of youth ministries from all annual conferences are being invited to consider the future of youth ministry in the denomination at a special consultation in Oklahoma City, November 1-5.

UNITED METHODISTS
IN THE
NEWS

First-place winner in a national Boy Scout public-speaking contest was Stanley Roach of Guymon, Okla....One of five grand prizes given by the Religious Public Relations Council went to J. Fred Rowles, TRAFCO staff member from Nashville, Tenn., for the film Somewhere Between the Past and the Future....Mrs. Violet B. Unland of Oakland, Calif., received the national Ann Magnussen Award for distinguished service by the American National Red Cross....Convicted Watergate conspirator James W. McCord, Jr., is an active member of a United Methodist congregation in Rockville, Md., and his pastor, the Rev. Walter C. Smith, Jr., testified as a character witness at his trial....An article on the language barrier by Mrs. Betty R. Sepulveda, a teacher in the Denver public-school system, has been published, translated into five languages, and distributed in 55 countries....Mrs. Louise Hoistad and Mrs. Doris Hood are presidents of, respectively, the Minnesota Council of Churches and the Greater Minneapolis Council of Churches.

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! And that is what this department is for. Does an idea of yours need saying? Send it to Say It! 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

When Eric Graham was Bishop of Brechin, one outspoken Scotsman made clear to him how long sermons should be: "Five pandrops weel sookit and nae cruchin," which linguistic scholars tell us can be translated into English as: "Five peppermint drops well sucked and no crunching."

*From Drumbeat,
The Diocese of Zambia,
as reprinted in The Episcopalian*

In response to Esther A. Roberts's comments in April's *Say It!* [page 16] I also would like to take the name "United Methodist Women" apart:

1. **United.** To me this not only means the uniting of the women's organizations of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church and the former Methodist Church but, more important, women uniting with the total church through the Board of Global Ministries to make Christ known to the world. It means women are no longer a separated group but are part of the church, governed by discipline and responsible to the church for its actions.

2. **Methodist.** This simply identifies the arm of Christ's church through which people choose to be in mission. It is not just for Methodists. All women are welcome—women from other denominations and also women who are not now affiliated with any church. Only the president, because she serves on the council on ministries and the administrative board of her local church, must be a member of The United Methodist Church.

3. **Women.** It's true that the organization is made up largely of female persons, but the pastor, district superintendent, and the bishop are all members of the executive committee on the local, district, and conference level. Many

men serve on the Board of Global Ministries, to which we are directly related. In fact, that very Jesus who is the founder of the Christian church is considered to be the cornerstone of our group as well. We are hardly disassociated from the male half of the church.

I applaud those courageous women who recognized that the Women's Society of Christian Service was not reaching a majority of our own women, let alone anyone in the community. I rejoice in the action of General Conference, which gave the Women's Division its rightful place in the global ministry of the church. United Methodist Women, count me in!

*Evelyn M. Smith, President
Altoona District WSCS
Tyrone, Pa.*

Our reaction to the fear of a world population crisis has been to advocate drastic measures to limit births. Are there no other alternatives to be considered? Is birth limitation in accord with the Creator's plan? Can the divine intent be learned in places where man's ideas have not intervened?



"Hi, Beautiful!"

Should survival of the fittest be disregarded? Is it desirable to employ every means possible to maintain life? What right has society to force continued existence upon old and disabled persons who would welcome death? Is the introduction of hygiene and medicine to tribal peoples a blessing when these throw their population out of balance?

Shouldn't we explore other possibilities before resorting to limiting potential lives? Some scientists say we have the capabilities to solve our problems of pollution and limited resources through application of technology now available. More consideration should precede drastic action.

*Hugh P. Stoddard
Auburn, Nebr.*

Evangelism is calling people from the worship of idols, and that's tough. I honor the people who are willing to name the idols—we need more of them. But evangelism is also calling people to the worship of the living Christ, and the tragedy of so many social actionists is their strange silence about our Lord. Because they're willing to denounce the idols but are afraid to name the name of Christ, they produce not liberation but guilt. They end not with love but hostility.

*Eugene L. Smith, Executive Secretary
World Council of Churches*

Why have people demoted God by spelling the pronouns that refer to Him without capitals? Recognizing the Almighty God with capitals has been a time-honored custom, an opportunity to pay homage to God in a small but meaningful way.

In the March issue of *Together* the editors followed the lowercase custom in their editorials, but in quoting others they used the usual capitals. We had better be thinking deeply before spelling oneself with a capital *I* and decapitalizing God. If we are to follow "Christ's call to discipleship," should we first demote our Leader?

*Dora Taylor Riddick
Hertford, N.C.*

PUT YOURSELF in the parking lot at Peachtree Road United Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga., on a spring Sunday afternoon. A small bus is just pulling out with 13 women and 2 men aboard. Their ages range from 40 to 75 and their expressions from hopeful to joyous. These are members of WHO, off to see Atlanta in its spring greenery and blossoms.

It began four years ago when four of us—all widows—met with Peachtree Road's pastor to talk about what the church could do for the more than 300 of its members who had lost their husbands or wives.

"After my husband's death last year I found freedom a little heady, but more than a little empty," said Susan Pratt, expressing the feelings of all four of us. "You are free to order your life, of course, but you're also free to be lonely and bored, free to miss the family status you've lost—and, worst of all, free to feel useless. Could we possibly organize a group that would offer a woman like me a chance to feel necessary again, to be a part of a family when I'm in low spirits and feel lost and empty?"

The group that came out of this discussion is WHO—We Help Others; We Help Ourselves. It is a service fel-

lowship with the emphasis on companionship and fun. Couldn't we plan something for those hours?" WHO did, with Sunday afternoon hobby and discussion groups.

WHO parties are given for any occasion or none. At one a show-and-tell hobby display brought out everything from carpentry to crocheting. One member, told to bring her chief joy, brought her sprightly 80-year-old sister.

Perhaps the most interesting of all of WHO's activities are its weekend treks to the mountains or other scenic areas and its all-day picnics closer by. The ideas for these trips come up casually, almost spontaneously, like everything else WHO does, but the details are worked out with meticulous care.

WHO's ministry is not merely the filling of lonely hours, of course. Members visit the city hospital monthly to help patients get to Sunday morning services in the hospital chapel. And WHO members' first concern is to serve in ways for which their own loss has uniquely prepared them. They are particularly attentive to the newly bereaved. They are instantly on the telephone when one of their own group is ill or in trouble. Their friendship, in fact, always embraces WHO's members. And no WHO

They Help Others —And Themselves

by Mildred Morris

lowship with the emphasis on companionship and fun. Membership fluctuates, but it presently stands at about 140 men and women. They are Protestants from various churches, a few Catholics, and a few who don't attend any church. Women, of course, outnumber men by more than six to one.

WHO got rolling with covered-dish suppers, and these are still held each month. At first we tried a snack supper prepared by a committee, but we got away from that in a hurry. Every woman among us still takes the Southerner's delight in cooking for company. And some of the men can turn out a mean yogurt salad or meat loaf. After supper there is a program that ends by eight o'clock so women going home alone won't have to be out late.

Other projects have sprung up as needs have been recognized or as ideas have bubbled up from enthusiastic members.

Every Sunday noon following church services you will find some WHO members having dinner together at an Atlanta restaurant. This provides an opportunity for companionship at a time of the week that is particularly lonely for people who considered Sunday dinners a highlight of the week when they were married.

Then there are Sunday afternoons. As Susan said, "To me and thousands of others in a city like Atlanta,

member is too busy to listen when the need is simply to talk one's heart out.

The emotional and spiritual well-being of members is also served by an ordained minister and psychologist, Dr. Quentin L. Hand, who divides his time between Emory University and the Peachtree Road Church. He usually has a discussion period at each meeting, and he stays in personal contact with many members.

Dr. Thomas A. Whiting, the church's senior minister and once a widower himself, maintains a keen interest in the group's activities. Another minister on the church staff, the Rev. Albert E. Clark, brings a young, sparkling note into the group.

Within and outside the church, men and women who have lost their mates have highly individual needs that the church is especially qualified to minister to. With people living longer, and the legion of the widowed inevitably growing larger, ministries like WHO's will become more and more important in the future. □

Members of WHO would be glad to assist churches of any denomination in starting a similar program. Write to WHO, c/o Peachtree Road United Methodist Church, 3180 Peachtree Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305.

—Your Editors



"Look at the inscription!" The author (above) shows husband-to-be Adrian Morris the cake plate that members of WHO gave them at a monthly supper shortly before their wedding. The inscription carries their marriage date. With marriage, their active membership in the group that fostered their romance came to an end. Below: The supper ends as WHO members hold hands for the benediction.



Liberal and Conservative

THERE was no beating around the bush. Dr. David A. Hubbard (left in photo) called himself a conservative evangelical, and Dr. Colin W. Williams (right) said he is a liberal. The two men spoke at the 1972 General Assembly of the National Council of Churches in what one hearer called "as fine a dialogue as most of the delegates will ever hear between conservative and liberal points of view in the church."

Together agrees, and we think that readers, too, will appreciate this somewhat condensed version of the presentation. Dr. Hubbard and Dr. Williams make no effort to sidestep real issues which create tensions within the church. But the mood is open, conciliatory.

Dr. Hubbard is president and professor of Old Testament at Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif. A Conservative Baptist Church minister, he was professor of biblical studies at Westmont College in Santa Barbara before moving to Fuller.

Dr. Williams is a member of the Australian Methodist Church. He came to this country in 1963 to work in the National Council of Churches Central Department of Evangelism. In 1969 he was named dean of Yale University Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.

—Your Editors



DAVID A. HUBBARD

RENEWAL comes to different groups in different forms, and it ordinarily precedes evangelism. In other words, evangelism flows out of renewal. A changed, excited, obedient community begins to bear witness to its faith in a fresh, vital way—and evangelism takes place.

There may be many directions for renewal with profound results in concern for justice and for responsible social and political involvement. We must hope for a growing and maturing dedication to the total needs of men and women in anything that is to be called true spiritual renewal.

The context in which this mature dedication will be and is being nurtured is frequently the close-knit group within the local congregation. Sometimes it crosses congregational lines, where laymen and pastors can know the love and support of Christians who accept them and care about them.

Much of this renewal starts with pastors in their rela-

tionships with their official boards as they move beyond questions of budget and program to deep sharing and spiritual fellowship. These groups provide opportunity for encounter with the Scriptures, for identifying and cultivating the spiritual gifts, and for sharing one's strengths and weaknesses in conversation and in prayer. In short, these group structures, which are springing up all over the country and which are one of the clearest signs of and means for renewal, are an ongoing experience in an *extended family*. They provide a base of security and a base of acceptance and a practical application of justification by faith out of which mission will flow. It is a pity that so many laymen have come first to this renewing experience of group life outside the normal congregational structures.

I think that we churchmen have some things to confess. I'm not sure that we have done a very good job in motivating our laymen for social and political action. We have assumed the prophet's mantle at times when we should have worn the shepherd's garb. We have used

No Longer Adversaries



COLIN W. WILLIAMS

YOU CAN SENSE already that David and I are not adversaries. The time for an adversary relationship within the church on this matter is past. We have common adversaries, and it is against those that we must struggle together in the name of Jesus Christ, our common Lord.

Yet having said that, we must recognize that we do represent a profound tension within the church, the tension between the conservative evangelicals and the liberals who have been dominant in the main-line Christianity in America. We seek that mutual correction which will allow us to be more nearly one in the life of Christ.

Quickly I need to say that we liberals have given ample justification for criticism. Too often, for example, we have left too little room for the demand of Christ or the promise of Christ. Too often we have made the Christian life seem so continuous with natural life that there has seemed to be no need for conversion, or for a cross or a Resurrection.

It is important for us to recognize that the Christian faith *does* talk about a profound crisis which is brought into our lives and into our world by the coming of Christ and by the offer of new life through the Spirit. This new life *does* demand from us radical change and radical commitment. In today's world many people are searching for grace. They all too often find that our churches have so protected themselves against the disturbing invasion of the Spirit that they are not the arenas in which that encounter can occur. So we are seeing the burgeoning phenomena of new fundamentalisms, new pentecostalsisms, new evangelical movements, with all their promise and with all their difficulties. And it is to some of the difficulties on that side of the tension that I wish to address myself.

It has been pointed out that one of the grave problems of our present culture is that we have no common texts. For centuries the West, at least, has had common texts: the Bible, classical texts, Shakespeare. Now we're increasingly illiterate in all three. No longer do these give us a common language; a common interpretation of myths; common visions of meaning; or a common sense of authority, the authority of truth and life.

In the midst of that confusion, where we are searching for unifying visions, it is not surprising that large numbers of people are drawn to authoritative statements of faith which say, "Thus saith the Lord!" Many are returning to what to me appear to be simplistic forms of authority.

Now we must ask why so many people find the *only* starting point for their new life in this simplistic way. I think it must be said about our liberal churches that they do not create the arenas in which a person can

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued on page 19)

the whip and left people unpastored in the midst of what we considered to be a prophetic ministry. Many have tried to appeal to biblical authority as a basis for social and political involvement after neglecting the Bible's authority in other areas of doctrine. Now our people's deficit in biblical background and doctrine and authority has caught up with them and us.

We have neglected the eschatological hope of the Scripture. Our people have been asked to engage in massive political and social reform deprived of the hope of God's ultimate dynamic intervention in Jesus Christ. To be deprived of the Christian hope of the Second Coming of Christ, with all its eschatological significance, is in part to rob present-day love and service of its meaning and its context.

We have ignored or been hostile to agencies and movements with which our laymen most readily identify and to which they are most strongly attracted. In so doing, we have often caused them to be fractured in

their loyalties. They are torn between their loyalty to their local church and their appreciation of a charismatic group in which they found new spiritual vitality, a television evangelist who said things about the gospel they had not heard from their local pulpit, or a campus ministry which has captured their young people in a way that the denominational chaplaincies did not. To put laymen in this form of tension has been a mistake.

The birth of lay groups and organizations within major denominations ought to be heeded. The formation of these groups suggests that laymen feel their gifts and needs have been neglected and overlooked. It is questionable practice for us as church leaders and theologians to talk about the body of Christ and to ignore the messages being telegraphed from so many parts of that body. The need is urgent for pastors, denominational servants, seminary professors, and administrators to hear where laymen are. We must encourage the structures that will support and enhance such lay renewal efforts.

I give group life and family life the number one priority for renewal. This is theologically, spiritually, and scripturally the basic social structure. It is very difficult for me to see any form of valid renewal taking place in social, legislative, or political structures. Profound Christian impact will not happen in these areas unless we concentrate first on the basic needs of the family and the extended family group. From the security and the acceptance and the power base of the application of the gospel and the study of the Scripture, we then move out to these other areas of Christian presence and Christian witness.

Now, just a thought or two on evangelism. Again there needs to be a reemphasis on the saving acts of God which are the good news. It strikes me that we're in danger of a new form of legalism that tests the color of our salvation by the form of our social and political involvement rather than by our appropriation of the significance of Christ's death and his Resurrection. Certainly these events *do* have social and political ramifications for us as God's people. We must mark the historical invasion of the power and love of God in Jesus Christ and herald it as the good news or else there will not be any evangelism in a form that the New Testament evangelists would recognize.

I think we need a new openness to the spiritual hunger of our day. Among young and old, rich and poor, we see it—the magnificent movement of the Spirit of God on our campuses, in the military, and other places. People are begging for a word from beyond. They're flocking to the occult and they're turning to mysticism. More people read the astrological charts than the Scriptures. They are unfed by the technology and the secularism of our age.

What a time it is for the church to be the church and to witness to God's saving concern and abundant power as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and for the confessing Christian community to minister to the hunger and lostness of our day. I have to stress *lostness*. It is really part of my theology that people without Jesus Christ are

lost. They are not cryptically saved, and they need to be told so. They are lost and need to be reborn. It is true that in many areas we have to win a right to be heard. But in other situations the spiritual hunger, the longing, the sense of alienation is the good soil in which the good news can be planted.

I'm not at all against social concern related to evangelism—or social concern unrelated to evangelism. But I am saying that there is room for bold and open confrontation in evangelism in our land today such as I have never seen before.

We need to acknowledge the various means that God uses in evangelism—individuals sharing their faith face-to-face; the lay witness movement; congregations that are being renewed and are drawing others as they share their vitality; the use of literature; the media; the preaching of the gospel; social action and the love that social action can demonstrate.

What I'm talking about in evangelism is not head-counting or manipulation. It is the highest regard for human dignity. It acknowledges that unless you deal with human brokenness, you cannot take human dignity seriously. To minister to all other needs, but to neglect man's need for reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ and through Jesus Christ alone, is to sell short the dignity and the glory and the fullness of what it means to be human. People are stunted and warped until they find out who they are as worshiping persons made and loved by the triune God.

Human wholeness is God's aim, and it must be ours in evangelism. And there is a spiritual satisfaction which is crucial to this wholeness whatever else a man's circumstances might be, whatever other ministries we may render to him in the changing of his political, economic, or social structures. We are not true to a person and his needs unless we also offer to him in the name of Jesus Christ the freedom of forgiveness, the openness to love, the joys of worship, and the selflessness of service.

My conservative evangelical tradition has become increasingly aware in recent years of the flat sides in its approach to Christian wholeness in evangelism. One of the encouraging aspects of renewal in my tradition is the increasing sense of social and political implications of the Christian gospel. I hope that the movement toward wholeness on the part of my conservative evangelical brethren is being matched by a movement toward wholeness in other groups where the social and political concerns have held a priority—sometimes to the diminution or near exclusion of man's spiritual needs and what Jesus Christ has done to deal with man's lostness. Perhaps toward that center we can meet. □

again become a little child and enter the kingdom of heaven. Our liberal churches believe that everybody must begin as adults. So they give them complex, diffuse, rational statements of Christian tradition which have no clarity, no pointedness, no simplicity, no capacity to allow people to begin again as children and grow within the kingdom of God. The problem with so many conservative starting points, on the other hand, is that they give clarity and simplicity at the price of ignoring real complexity and so create inevitable problems for the tomorrows of those who are born again.

It is fairly clear that we are going to see again one of the tragic, repeated phenomena of American church life: The main-line churches don't give people a starting point and the conservative churches don't give people a continually growing life.

So many people, finding the beginning of new life in the conservative churches but then finding it too narrow, take to the road of upward mobility and finish up in what used to be the top—the Episcopal Church. (Nobody knows what the top is now!)

But with our humor about that, it does say something about the tragedy of our division. Our liberal churches speak of the adult problems of Christian life, but they do not adequately give the starting point of commitment—the way in which we can be born again and start as children in the kingdom of God. The evangelical churches do not allow adequately for people to grow in the breadth of their spirit, their intellect, and their commitment. How we work together on that, it seems to me, is probably the crucial problem of evangelism and renewal for our time.

A second, related problem is this: Conservative evangelicals are observably too individualistic in their definition of sin, the sin of which we are called to repent. People like Reinhold Niebuhr long ago told us that in our contemporary world, in our technological society, sin is increasingly corporate. We increasingly allow our institutions to do our sinning for us.

We are happy for the real-estate broker to sin for us and to preserve our cultural privilege. We are happy for our zoning boards to do our sinning for us and to protect us from what ought to be the mutual cost of social change. We are happy for our unions to do our sinning for us and to hold the lines of historic prejudice. We are happy for our corporations to do our sinning for us and to destroy the environment without our being directly responsible—except for conspicuous consumption. Above all we are happy for the nation to do our sinning for us, relieving us, for example, from our guilt over war by using technology to remove us from direct involvement in the killing. And so an evangelism which deals only with individual sins and which leaves untouched the corporate sins that are done for us by our institutions is not Christian evangelism.

The New Testament doctrine of principalities and powers emphasizes that sin *does* have its corporate structure. That is, if you would talk about me, you must talk about me in a context of the institutions in which I exist

and find my life—and which so often have mastery over me.

Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians talks about preaching to the principalities and the powers and so directs evangelism not only to persons but to the corporate structures, the fallen angels in the mythology of that time. It is no accident that in John's Revelation we are told about the deathly character of principalities and powers. They hold us in thrall. We are taken up in their death-dealing capacity. Who can doubt that? If I am to be delivered from sin and death, I must be delivered in the context of those relationships.

I agree with David when he says to talk about the latter without talking about the personal change which must accompany it is faulty evangelism. But I do not agree that the personal always comes first and the corporate comes last. I think that is wrong, and I think I can illustrate it.

One of the tragedies of the last few years has been the way in which this nation's government has regressed from an insight it once had. It was an insight which said, through law commonly recognized, that there isn't any way for you as an individual to escape your personal obligation to overthrow your racial prejudice. If the law allows you no way to escape that obligation, even though you want to personally, then new levels of corporate life can be reached. When the Supreme Court moved, when law began to move, the demand of the inevitable began to change human nature.

But then the government removed the inevitable, allowing those same old personal prejudices of ours to reassert themselves. Mr. Nixon is right; that is what we wanted. We wanted to be freed *for* the principalities and powers, not *from* them. What has happened, I believe, demonstrates that the intuition of liberals was correct: You cannot separate personal and corporate responsibilities in this way.

Jesus did not always address himself first to the inner-personal "religious" needs of people. Often he first liberated what we could call the margins of their lives so that they could then be free at the center. And the subtle relationship between personal and corporate, I believe, does not allow us to talk about one as being prior to the other.

Now it's true that in our liberal churches too often we have given priority to the latter, the social, over the former, even been ashamed of the former. And for that we must be judged.

However, it is equally true that the conservative evangelical churches have talked so much about the former, the personal, that they have allowed the latter to go unjudged. Not only have they failed to judge our cultural Christianity, which says nothing about how our society is held in thrall by corporate powers of evil, they have accepted it.

Our great need, it seems to me, is to recognize the essential oneness of the gospel of Jesus Christ with both its demands for personal and corporate change and its promise. □



GENTLE IS THE DARK

By NOVA TRIMBLE ASHLEY

I LOVE the dark. In the purple-dark I can think of that illusive line to a poem, the perfect plot for a story, perhaps a different slant for an article I am working on.

When it's dark, there's no visible dust on the floor or furniture, no streaky window to remind me of my neglect. I can sort out my problems and put them away in imaginary pockets. I can bask in the recent accomplishments of my family. I can pray. I am happy in the dark, but it was not always so.

When I was a little girl, I was petrified in the dark. I could sleep only if there was a lamp burning on the chiffonier in my small upstairs room. If I awoke and discovered that the lamp had gone out, I would scream, "Ma-ma! Pa-pa! The lamp!" One of them always came to relight the lamp and comfort me.

"Downright idiotic, leaving a lamp burning all night," Papa would grumble. The lamp was distracting to the others in the house, too, because I got nearly hysterical if anybody dared to close a bedroom door.

Child psychiatry was relatively unknown back in 1918 so my bewildered parents turned to my Grandma Trimble. She didn't have much formal education, but she possessed an uncanny sixth sense about things. Even the town banker looked to her for counsel.

She lived alone since Cousin Harry had gone to war. Her white frame house at the edge of town was square and hip-roofed, well shaded by cottonwoods, and guarded by a

whining windmill. In the springtime the yard was fragrant with purple lilacs. In the summer, red and yellow roses twined around the front porch trellis and morning glories crept over the screened-in back porch. I remember that the rooms seemed cool and inviting in Grandma's house on the hottest summer afternoons.

When I was with her, I felt a certain security, and I was proud to have been born on her 68th birthday.

I can see her yet. Slender, prim, and tidy in snowy-white, long-sleeved blouses and full, floor-length skirts. She wore little ruffled aprons, some embroidered or edged with tatting and lace. Her hats, always black, invariably were trimmed with bright ornaments which had a habit of bobbing up and down when she sang in the church choir.

Grandma's naturally wavy hair was silvery, parted in the middle and pulled tightly back into a knot which was held at the nape of her neck by a celluloid comb. Her glasses resembled the granny glasses of today. Often they were on her forehead.

Her lips were a thin line of determination, but oh, the black, sparkling eyes of my grandmother! At first, you would scarcely suspect her of having such a delightful sense of humor, but after a chat you'd know how witty she was. The songs she could sing, the stories she could tell! The games she'd invent for children.

One hot July morning shortly after my seventh birthday Papa and I strolled the few blocks to Grandma's. Actually, I skipped at his side, a myopic little girl in owlsh glasses, brown curls flopping, skinny legs prancing. Papa carried my "extras" in one of Mama's round hatboxes.

I was a big girl now, Papa told me, almost ready for the third grade. He hinted strongly that it was time I got over my fear of the dark. When he stooped to kiss me good-bye at Grandma's, I felt a big lump in my throat. I loved the clean, bay-rum

scent of him and felt a sudden stab of homesickness as I watched him walk back down the road.

Then Grandma asked, "Shall we make gingerbread boys today, or shall we sew the new dress first? Or maybe you'd like to help me put on a program."

"A program!" I jumped up and down at the idea. So we sang funny little songs and took turns pumping the old organ. How I loved giving the organ stool many dizzying whirls until it was just the right height. Of course I hung on and whirled with it.

After lunch I moseyed around the house sniffing the good smells. I especially liked the pickle-vinegary odor of Grandma's pantry, the aroma of fresh-baked bread, and the leathery scent of my cousin's room where I would sleep that night.

I studied my grandfather's tintype in its tiny frame on the square stand in the parlor. In his Civil War uniform Grandpa looked very stern, but I loved his beard and was sorry I couldn't remember him.

I stretched out on the horsehair sofa and looked at double pictures through a stereoscope usually reserved for Sundays. Weary of that, then, I made mud pies under the big cottonwood beside the windmill.

After supper Grandma handed me a wooden grape basket with a wire handle, and I helped her gather the eggs from the nests in the chicken house. I even helped toss grain to the speckled Plymouth Rocks and was enchanted by a mother hen and her newly hatched chicks.

"They love the dark," Grandma said, tucking the last stray chick under its mother's wing. "They can hardly wait for the sun to go down." I stood there, feeling like I was going to throw up.

All day I'd wondered if Grandma Trimble would blow out the lamp after I was asleep in Cousin Harry's plump featherbed. When I went to his room finally, I undressed in semi-

"My Grandma Trimble didn't have much formal education, but she had an uncanny sixth sense about things . . . When I was with her, I felt a certain security, and I was proud to have been born on her 68th birthday."

darkness, taking my time, dreading the night.

I felt better when my grandmother came in with the rose-patterned "company lamp" from the parlor. She placed the lamp on the marble-topped bureau beside Cousin Harry's picture in his Marine uniform. Then she took off her apron and hung it on a chair back. She pushed back her hair. "Time for prayers," she said, and I knelt at her knees and blessed everything and everyone, remembering to offer a special supplication for Harry in faraway France.

Then I jumped into the big bed between sheets that smelled of lye soap and talcum powder. The cool south wind pushed the lace curtains straight out, almost in my face. Outside, it wasn't black-dark yet.

"Will you tell me a story, please?" I begged.

"Why, of course," Grandma said, pinning the curtains so they wouldn't flap. "What shall it be? *Miss Minerva*? The *Five Little Peppers*?"

"Not from a book! I mean tell a story."

"A made-up story?" Grandma smiled. "Of course. What shall it be about this time?"

"The mice." I clapped my hands in anticipation and wiggled with delight. Grandma made up such fascinating stories, and her best were about a family of mice who lived like people.

"Of course. The little mice who lived in Ohio when I was a little girl there." She went over to the bureau. "Once upon a time . . ."

I sprang up in bed. "What are you gonna do?"

"Blow out the lamp. I can't think up good stories with a light on, seeing all these chairs and curtains and Harry's trunk and everything. I need it dark when I make up stories."

For just a moment I wavered. Then I said, "I guess the *Five Little Peppers* book will be all right."

So that night passed uneventfully, with the lamp burning on the bureau throughout the hours of darkness.

The second day went much as the day before. But that night after dark Grandma said, "Come with me, child. We'll have some fun."

I followed her out into the darkness, timidly hanging on to her long skirt. "Do you remember those little bugs with flashes?" she asked.

"Uh-huh. Lightning bugs," I said. "Lightning bugs. Fireflies. How would you like to catch a few?"

She got a glass fruit jar and I helped capture them. Momentarily, as we darted about beneath the prairie stars chasing fireflies, I almost forgot about the dark.

When we had several bugs, we went inside.

"I've punched holes in the lid so they'll be all right," Grandma said. "They can stay on the bureau tonight and keep you company."

After I had gotten into bed I realized I couldn't see the lightning bugs with the lamp burning. I was torn with indecision.

Finally, when Grandma Trimble came in to hug me goodnight she asked, "Shall we blow out the lamp so you can see the fireflies?"

"Will you stay with me?"

"No, dear, I have mending to do. But I'll take the lamp out in the hall, and you won't be entirely in the dark."

"Well—I guess so," I said, breathing heavily, "for a while."

With the lamp where I could catch its distant beam I fell asleep watching the little bugs turn on their miniature lanterns.

GRANDMOTHER was a devout Methodist, and Bible reading was a ritual with her. For her Bible reading the next day she chose the story of creation, emphasizing: "And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night."

Then she mentioned how the birds go to bed and the flowers close their petals, and the stars come out to twinkle in the dark, and how we must have night and the dark.

Again, the day passed much as the others, but by bedtime I didn't want any more fireflies. When Grandma came in for prayers, she asked, "How about a story tonight? I think if I put the lamp in the dining room you can still see the light. But it would be dark enough for me to make up a story about the little mice children."

I hugged her. "Oh Grandma, yes! Let's say my prayers quick so you can sit here and tell me about the little people-mice in Ohio."

So that night, with the lamp farther away, I listened to the marvelous adventures of the farm mice. Afterward I slept, though fitfully.

Finally the last night of my stay with my grandmother arrived. We had so many songs to sing and poems to make up that evening that I went to bed later than usual. When I was comfortably tucked in, with the south breeze whispering to me, the lamp had gone clear to the kitchen.

That night we played Rhyming-in-the-Dark, a game we made up together. Grandma would think of a word like sledgehammer, and I'd say something like windjammer. When she said "window sill," I screamed out "whippoorwill!" Then we'd hug each other and giggle like two little girls. After she went to her room, I was convinced that I could make rhymes much better without a lamp to distract me.

The next morning Grandma took special pains when she curled my hair, dipping the broken comb in and out of the basin of water and twisting each ringlet tightly on her fingers. I wore a blue hair bow, the new dress we had made, with its red and blue rickrack, and my best half-socks and good white slippers freshly cleaned with Bon Ami.

Grandma put on her best dress and Sunday hat, a black straw with red cherries on it. Then we strolled out beneath an azure sky, deliberately lingering along the way home.

"I can go by myself," I had insisted, but Grandma Trimble had been intent on walking with me and carrying the hatbox. When she had delivered me safely home and I told her good-bye, I said, "I'll be back next summer. For two weeks!"

One of the proudest moments of my life came that night after the family was in bed. As usual, Mama had left my little lamp burning on the chiffonier. I kept squeezing my eyes shut, tossing about, trying to concentrate on the rhyme game. At last I called out, "Ma-ma!"

She came hurrying to me. "What is it?"

I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. "Will you please blow out the lamp?" I asked. "I can't make up good stories without the dark. I can't sleep with that silly light in my eyes."

Papa must have heard, for he came in and hugged me. Mama hugged me, too. Then Papa blew out the lamp and they left me to the friendly dark. □

Chautauqua:

Still Flourishing After a Century

Text by Herman B. Teeter / Pictures by George P. Miller

BY NOW the ice is gone from 20-mile-long Chautauqua Lake. The Victorian houses and gingerbread cottages are being readied again, as are the 5 hotels and 29 inns and guest houses. Broad verandas are being swept, and the huge Chautauqua Amphitheater awaits the summer appearances of some of the world's outstanding preachers, lecturers, musicians, and actors.

The 1973 season will be the 100th for this venerable, Methodist-rooted institution in southwestern New York's scenic lake and hill country and, toward the end of June, the population of Chautauqua will have increased from a few hundred year-round residents to another summer's 10,000. Officially, the season will begin on June 30 with three traditional taps of a gavel by Dr. Oscar E. Remick,

13th president of the Chautauqua Institution. The three taps will symbolize Chautauqua's century-old, threefold program purpose: religious inspiration, education, and recreation.

For hundreds of thousands of Americans now past middle age, the word *Chautauqua* still holds deep meaning, even for those who have never visited the historic, fenced-in, 700-acre community.

In my own hometown each summer, many years ago, we looked forward to the arrival of a "Chautauqua" which came to set up tent under two great oak trees on a vacant lot. We marveled at the things we saw and heard, in the days before cars and radios were commonplace, and we sat on boards between aisles strewn with

Chautauqua guests stroll at dusk along a quiet street to an evening performance in the Amphitheater.



sawdust (which we boys searched diligently for coins after each performance).

We called it "the Chautauqua," although it had no connection with the original institution in New York. The traveling groups we knew had merely borrowed the name and the idea of bringing cultural attractions to cities and small towns throughout the nation.

In another way, however, the original Chautauqua did reach us in my hometown. Our mothers belonged to a Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle group—a pioneer book club—that brought new, interesting, and informative volumes to our homes each year. The CLSC was founded in 1878, answering a need expressed by the cofounder of Chautauqua Institution, Methodist Bishop John Heyl Vincent:

"Education, once the peculiar privilege of the few, must in our best earthly estate become the valued possession of the many."

CLSC's cultural and intellectual contributions to American families a few generations ago were immeasurable. By 1900, there were some 10,000 literary circles reading and discussing Chautauqua book selections in the fields of science, history, religion, and literature.

Neither Bishop Vincent nor cofounder Lewis Miller, an Ohio businessman-inventor and dedicated Methodist layman, believed that religious faith should be proclaimed and taught in an intellectual vacuum.

"In a time when much preaching and teaching of Christianity in this country was decidedly anti-intellectual," writes Dr. Herbert Gezork, director of Chautauqua's religion department, "they stressed the necessity of relating religious faith to the rich cultural heritage that is ours, to literature, philosophy, art . . ."

Thus, what began in 1873 as a summer school for Sunday-school teachers retains its central purpose of spiritual enrichment while developing an amazing variety of cultural and educational activities. Last summer, 1,600 students in all age groups were enrolled in the Chautauqua summer school, still a vital part of the program.

One would assume that Chautauqua, because of its Methodist origin, would have grown as a resort or campground for the Methodist Episcopal Church of the late 1800s. But from the beginning, all leading Protestant denominations were represented among the lecturers, ministers, and students. Recently more and more Roman Catholics and Jews have taken part in the program, establishing their own worship services.

Today The United Methodist Church has four important centers at Chautauqua: Hurlbut Memorial Community Church, United Methodist House (a social and religious center), Fenton Memorial Deaconess Home, and the United Methodist Missionary Vacation Home. Several other denominations have centers of their own.

In addition, Chautauqua is perhaps the smallest community in the nation to boast of its own professional symphony orchestra, repertory theater, opera company, art association, library, summer school, and recreational facilities that include an 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, and bathing beaches. During a recent season, anglers in Chautauqua Lake caught 7,647 muskies averaging almost ten pounds each.

At the center of things is the Amphitheater which



Chautauqua Lake provides boating, swimming, and fishing.

comfortably seats almost 6,000 persons. In her splendid publication *Three Taps of the Gavel* Alfreda L. Irwin writes:

"The Amphitheater is Chautauqua's most amazing structure, for it can change its makeup and play many roles. It serves as the home of the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra whose more than 65 chairs about fill the 50-foot-wide platform.

"After a Saturday night's concert, the chairs and conductor's podium disappear. The stage crew lowers the Christian flag from the ceiling . . . brings out a pulpit, two chairs for the ministers, and voila! The Amphitheater is a church.

"On Sunday afternoons it becomes a concert hall . . . and then in the evening, it turns back into a church for the famous Chautauqua Sacred Song Service."

On weekday mornings, the author continues, there are devotional hours and lectures. "During the afternoon on an average day, if there is no orchestra rehearsal, a dance



y morning at Chautauqua means leisurely reading.

company or a visiting soloist may be practicing. No matter who it is, Chautauquans are free to wander quietly in and out, to enjoy a few minutes or an hour of listening. Many Chautauquans double their money by attending both rehearsals and concerts! . . . After rehearsal, the scene changes again. Perhaps the movie screen is lowered for a travel film to be shown that night . . ."

Not only did Chautauqua pioneer in the field of adult education—developing home reading courses, correspondence study, university extension lecturing—it provided a platform for early exponents of women's rights. Susan B. Anthony was on stage there before the turn of the century.

But Chautauqua-of-the-present is the thing for most of the 70,000 who are expected to visit the grounds during the eight-week 1973 season. They will stroll the narrow, tree-shaded streets after leaving their cars parked near the entrance gate and paying admission. Music is everywhere in the air. Bells chime from the belfry of



Chautauqua would not be Chautauqua without a porch on which to sit. This guest calls hers the "box seat" because it gives her a good listening post near the Amphitheater.



Music permeates the air at Chautauqua—whether from Tom Gustavson on his French horn in a practice studio (above), a symphony rehearsal, or organ recital. Good literature is there, also, as shown below by Mrs. M. M. Ronsheim, Cadiz, Ohio, director of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.



Miller Tower, Chautauqua's symbol on the lakefront.

Those interested in architecture will want to see such buildings as the Athenaeum Hotel, built in 1881, largest of five on the grounds; the Grecian, open-air Hall of Philosophy; the Octagon Building (1880), now devoted to classes in creative writing; and the Miller-Edison cottage (1875), a national historical landmark in memory of the famous inventor who was married to the daughter of Chautauqua's cofounder. Of special interest to the public in general is a 350-foot relief model of Palestine on the lakefront, an exhibit which provides added emphasis to religion, the core of things here.

Meanwhile, many of the oldsters enjoy simply sitting on the verandas, watching the crowds, finding a special sense of peace that has mellowed in the air of Chautauqua for almost a century.

"You feel that you have entered another world once you have gone through the gate here at Chautauqua," one guest told us last year. "Here they have kept the best of the past while presenting the best of the present." This has a special application to music at Chautauqua, where visitors may hear anything from the great symphonies to jazz and rock!

Scheduled to appear this year at the Amphitheater on June 28, two days before the official opening of the Chautauqua season, will be Burl Ives as narrator of a special program by a ballet company, *Untamed Land*.

Other highlights of the 1973 season will be Jose Iturbi, pianist; the George Shearing quintet in a return engagement; and a performance by members of the New York City Ballet.

By the end of August, most of the people will be gone. The post office, the St. Elmo Hotel, the library, and only a few other places will remain open during the winter. A few hundred permanent residents, including about 50 year-round employees, will stay on, and the stillness of autumn and winter will come to Chautauqua again. They will share, along with many other veteran Chautauquans, the feeling that prompted Thoreau to write:

"Perhaps what most moves us in winter is some reminiscence of far-off summer. For we are hunters pursuing the summer on sno-shoes and skates, all winter long. There is really but one season in our hearts."

That feeling will have special significance in the spring of 1974, for then Chautauqua will be embarking on its second century. □

Despite a cold and rainy 1972 opening night, some 5,000 persons crowded Chautauqua's open-air Amphitheater to hear Duke Ellington's band. Among many other attractions last season were Jerome Hines, Jeane Dixon, U.S. Army Field Band and Chorus, *Your Fathers Mustache*, a ballet, and barbershop harmony.



PEOPLE



THE GORDONS: 17 novels into 13 languages.

Gordon and Mildred Gordon, one of the most successful husband-wife writing teams in this country, have a soft spot in their hearts for cats. And it has paid off handsomely.

Take Pancho, for instance, a 25-pound feline they rescued from the Los Angeles city pound for \$2. Pancho inspired the writers to try a novel called *Undercover Cat*. End result: nearly 2 million copies sold plus a screen adaptation by Walt Disney called *That Darn Cat*—a film that climbed into the 100 top money-makers in motion-picture history. (Side result: “that darn cat” began hearing things like “that darling cat.”)

Mildred and Gordon, both graduates of the University of Arizona, met and were married in Tucson's Catalina Methodist Church. For a while they pursued separate careers. Mildred taught music, worked for United Press International, and for two years owned and published a magazine called *Arizona* (better known today as *Arizona Highways*). Gordon, meanwhile, was a roving correspondent for Hearst newspapers, managing editor of a Tucson daily, and an FBI counter-espionage agent.

For the past 25 years, though, the Gordons have been writing as a team. They work out the plots to their novels

together, then work separately on different episodes. By working eight hours a day, five days a week, producing about 2,000 words of rough copy a day, they have written 17 novels, 8 of which also have been sold for filming. Occasionally they also write motion-picture scripts and television plays.

The Gordons' novels range from suspense books (their latest, *The Informant*) to the story of a suburban pastor, *The Tumult and the Joy*, which they wrote “to show what a minister is up against.” Research for the latter took the writing team to some 200 churches across the country. □



EDWIN GORDON: *Having a ball at 72.*

Some people just retire and coast to a stop. Others retread and continue down the highway of life at full-throttle. Ed Gordon is one of the latter. Born in Dayton, Ohio, 72 years ago, Mr. Gordon has been a machinist, itinerant construction worker, farmer, and a high-school teacher and principal. Although he became a Christian at an early age, it was in his middle years that he realized that Christians are God's hands and feet in the world.

In Rochester, N.Y., where he lives now, Mr. Gordon has taught high-school evening courses, started a club for



18 to 35-year-old single young adults (it grew to 1,500 members), helped train and encourage more than 200 young couples on limited budgets to build their own homes, worked for integration of suburbs, and joined and served in an all-black church in the inner city.

Twice Ed Gordon has gone to Viet Nam at his own expense to share his carpentry and masonry skills in relief and reconstruction work. The first trip was in 1963, when he borrowed money, flew to Saigon, and offered his skills to anyone who needed them. He soon was digging wells and building clinics. On his second trip, he conducted a nine-month survey for World Vision (a non-denominational relief organization), covering much of South Viet Nam alone or with military and missionary personnel.

Most recently Mr. Gordon has helped poor families in Americus, Ga., build their own homes and has flown to Russia on a personal goodwill mission. He also has a plan for world peace which he developed for his American Legion post. "It's a seed I'm trying to sow," he explains. "Frankly, people have tried to discourage me from entering upon every Christian project I've ever started," Mr. Gordon continues. "My answer has always been the same. I live for God and his peoples of the earth. Then I plunge right ahead." □

ETHEL ENNIS: *She sang for the nation.*

Ethel Ennis got her start in music as a youngster when she played the piano in Baltimore, Md., churches for 50¢ a week. She wanted to sing, too, but her piano teacher told her she would never make it. One night, while playing piano with a hometown band, she substituted as a vocalist—and proved her teacher wrong. From night-club engagements she went on to a 1958 European tour with Benny Goodman.

All the world has been Ethel Ennis's stage ever since. She was the hit of the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival and has appeared in leading supper clubs, theaters, and concert halls, and on numerous radio and television programs in the U.S., Canada, and Europe. She sang at the Republican National Convention in Miami last August and for a number of other political gatherings. The high point of the 40-year-old United Methodist blues singer's career—even though she is a Democrat—was singing the *Star Spangled Banner* at President Nixon's 1973 inauguration.

At home in Baltimore Miss Ennis likes to cook, care for her home, design many of her own clothes, draw, and paint. She is the wife of Earl Arnett, a feature writer for the *Baltimore Sun*. □

Unexplored Worlds



OPEN PULPIT / By John E. Pugh, Pastor, Van Orsdel United Methodist Church, Havre, Montana

Then Peter, with the eleven standing by him, raised his voice and addressed them: . . .

"Men of Israel, I beg of you to listen to my words. Jesus of Nazareth was a man proved to you by God himself through the works of power, the miracles and the signs which God showed through him here amongst you—as you very well know. . . . Now therefore the whole nation of Israel must know beyond the shadow of a doubt that this Jesus, whom you crucified, God has declared to be both Lord and Christ."
—Acts 2:14, 22, 36, Phillips

IN THE WEEKS following Easter, especially as we watch the crowd fade away into the summer, I ask: What is left from Easter?

We can ask that question on several levels. Certainly the crowds are not left in the churches. They will be back another year; but we can ask on a much more profound level, what is left from Easter—not just the one that is immediately past but the one that happened in Jerusalem more than 1,900 years ago. When Jesus disappeared from the sight and touch of his followers, what was left? That is the much deeper question.

Peter answered that question in his Pentecost sermon. That message can be summed up in three words: Jesus is Lord. These words were the basis for the first Christian sermon. They have been the basis for Christian preaching ever since. Anything less might sound nice, may even be good advice, but it is not Christian preaching. They are the same words that have touched the hearts and lives of more than 900 million people living on earth today. The church has no other business than to proclaim this message and help people to live out its implications.

"Jesus is Lord" confronts us with the fact that there are millions of people who claim to be Christians almost on the basis of their American citizenship. They are no more Christians of the New Testament faith than are Buddhists or Hindus.

When Peter said, "This Jesus, whom you crucified, God has declared to be both Lord and Christ," he was saying that the king of all life has been nailed to a cross. It is not hard to understand why the Jerusalem crowd thought the disciples were drunk when they declared that mighty works of God had been done through this Jesus.

Every high-school student knows that light travels at

a speed of about 186,000 miles per second. Moving at that rate, the twinkle of some of the brighter and nearer stars that you saw last night has been racing toward earth ever since Columbus sailed the Atlantic. When you are out tonight, remember that the nearest star, Proxima Centauri, sent the beam that your eye receives more than four years ago—not long after Richard Nixon became president of the United States. Consider also that the hundreds of stars we see are only a handful compared to the thousands, even millions more suns and unexplored worlds that we cannot see.

Look at another dimension of God's created order, the infinite care he used to fashion the unnumbered millions of microscopic marine creatures. Each is so small that dozens of them can be laid out on the end of a toothpick. Yet every shell is as intricately made as a snowflake. Each is colored with the care of a master artist.

We can begin now to get some perspective on the wild new gospel that sprang from the tomb of Jesus. This supposed son of the all-glorious God, becoming a man in rags on whom beggars spat as he carried his cross to Calvary! He who is supposed to be all good, all just, one with the Father, the judge of men and nations, letting himself be done to death—the judge going to the gallows in place of the condemned. This is the fantastic story that Peter and his friends tried to sell to their hearers 1,900 years ago. The formula is the same today as it has always been: Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Declare Christ the Lord of your life.

Halford Luccock wrote some years ago that faith in Jesus Christ takes you out of this world. We all have been interested in the space shots. Yet, few of us will ever be more than spectators to space travel. Those shots are aimed at one thing—unexplored worlds. When we throw in our lot with Jesus Christ we, too, begin to explore unexplored worlds. Christ opens for us worlds we had not known about before.

God has invited us to cross the threshold of these fresh new worlds with him. The first world he opens for us is the world of prayer. How easy it is to leave this world to others. We are like toddlers groping our way through life until we explore the world of prayer.

Some years ago I learned how weak our bodies become with just a few days of inactivity. It occurred with an appendectomy. The day I was released from the hospital, I decided to walk the half-dozen blocks home. Like a young child, I almost had to learn to walk again.

Learning to pray is much the same. None of us likes to think of himself as a weakling. But when we neglect prayer, life becomes pretty wobbly. When we enter into this new world with God, he promises to be available to us. If you want to know what God wants you to be and to do, talk to him and give him the chance to tell you.

The second world that God opens before us is the world of nature and reason. After we strike up a speaking acquaintance with God, he lets us wander about his world and examine it for ourselves. We begin to broaden our relationship.

One of the ways Jesus taught us to love God is with our minds. The greatest declaration of independence the human mind can make is to establish a living fellowship with the maker of the world. No matter what strange or unknown specimen we may discover, it will not be a stranger to God. No matter how far our astronauts

may probe into space, they will not find a single grain of dust that God did not touch with existence. A national magazine reported the comment of a minister who was invited to a briefing on the space program. Toward the end of the day he exclaimed: "I just realized why I was invited. I represent the owner!"

Space certainly is not the only dimension of creation that is left to be explored by the human mind. The relations between man and his brother could stand a lot of study. The relation of your life and my life to other lives reveals how many of us are trying to live in the space age with a kindergarten education. Our lack of investigation begins to show when our children ask why things happen the way they sometimes do.

These are not easy questions to answer, of course. I can't assure you that my answer will fit your problem, but there is no problem in all of creation for which the love of God does not provide an answer. God opens for us the world of questions and offers to walk with us through them. "Lo, I am with you always . . ." may be all the answer we will find for many questions.

Another world that God opens for us is the world of the church. To the outsider the church seems at times an awful mess. One man said: "The church seems to me like Noah's ark. Did you ever think about what the ark must have smelled like? If it weren't for the storm outside, you couldn't stand being inside!" That may be true, but it's all there is between us and the deep.

When people outside the church talk about how bad the church is, I try to ignore them. I already know most of the things that are wrong with the church. I've seen Christian people do some pretty awful things to each other. Conversely, I have seen the small and the selfish become the large and the generous. I have seen the hateful show love to the broken world.

Some people look at the church and forget that while the church is God's, it is also man's. We often forget that just as the greatness of God is alive in our midst, so the smallness and pettiness of man is here also. The same person who one day can be saintly and caring can the next day be mean and low. In the fellowship of the church we are all beginners, all searchers. Some have found more of the love and truth of God than others. If we are honest with ourselves, we admit that there are many parts of our lives where God is not yet Lord. There are many unexplored worlds within us where God has not been allowed to go. God has many unexplored worlds where our faith or lack of faith has not allowed us to go.

There is an old preacher's story that has been around for a long time about the man who had a flat tire on the way to worship. After a struggle he got the tire changed and drove on to the church. Just as he got into his parking space and started up the steps of the church, the other people began to come out. "Is it all done?" he asked. "No," one man told him. "It's just all said. We're starting out now to do it."

When the sermon is over, we are just starting out to do, to explore the worlds into which God has invited us. But the exploration begins with the affirmation of Peter and of a few hundred million other pilgrims who have found that God has made himself known in Jesus, the Christ. It all begins when we discover that not only is God able to give life to Jesus but also to you and me. □

Letters

UNITED METHODIST MISSIONS PROGRAM IS 'THE GREATEST!'

I am writing regarding the article *Our Overseas Missions: Are We Retrenching or Retooling?* [April, page 18]. If readers take time to evaluate the editor's facts, which I know are accurate, and Dr. Holt's observations, a return glance to Dr. Seamands's article will reveal that he is talking out of both sides of his mouth. On one hand, he admits the problem; on the other, he offers no real solutions.

We need to affirm our faith in the wisdom of our Board of Global Ministries; they are not retrenching, they are retooling!

As for the division Dr. Seamands makes between "evangelicals" and "liberals," those are convenient terms I have yet to receive an adequate definition for. Still, to use his language, we cannot deny that our Board of Global Ministries is "evangelical." To substantiate that, I call your attention to "The Aims of Missions" in paragraph 1277 of the 1968 *Book of Discipline*. I have yet to meet a missionary or a New York staff member who in life and ministry is not carrying out those aims—and if these aims are not "evangelical," I don't know what is.

United Methodists, support your missions program. It is the greatest! If you have questions or hear rumors, call a conference or district missions secretary; they know where to get the answers.

CHARLES W. KELLER, JR., Pastor
Otterbein United Methodist Church
Fayetteville, Pa.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER

1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

QUESTIONS HANDLING OF OVERSEAS MISSIONS 'POWWOW'

I am writing to express my surprise with the editorial procedure in April's *Powwow*.

It seems that Dr. Seamands didn't get a "fair shake" with Dr. Holt simply criticizing his address from the Good News Convocation. Would it not have been better for both men to have written an article, then the discussion?

One wonders just who is divisive. It seems to me that Dr. Holt missed or handled poorly at least three important points:

1. The day of missions is not over. With our world population at an increase, we should be sending more, not less, missionaries, as the Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Southern Baptists are doing.

2. Money is not a major problem. Even United Methodists will give when convinced it is a worthy cause.

3. The main problem is man-centered us, Christ-centered theology. The number one need for our world is still that people first be won to Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord.

HARRY H. HASHBERGER, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Hagerstown, Ind.

We always appreciate readers' reactions to our presentation of a subject. In this case, we asked Dr. Seamands shortly after we heard his speech if we could condense it and ask someone with a different viewpoint to respond to it. "I appreciate the proposal for a reaction-response," he told us. "We need such dialogue."

—Your Editors

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO VOLUNTARY SERVICE?

I take issue with your article *Look What's Replaced Chapel at Iowa Wesleyan* [February, page 40].

Writer Martha Lane says that the social-involvement project at Iowa Wesleyan "demonstrates how much more 'church related' can mean" than required chapel and required religion courses. What is more "church related" about this social-involvement project? Other schools have social-involvement programs, and they are not church related. Other schools, both church related and nonchurch related, have social involvement as an extracurricular activity, not for reward of academic credits.

I am not condemning the program, but to use it in lieu of required

religion courses is pushing further the secularization of our church-related schools. Too often they want money from the church, but not its religious philosophy or heritage.

What happened to the idea of voluntary service? Do we have to reward students for service?

EDWARD G. FIEDLER
Neptune, N.J.

'SAVED' ARTICLE RECALLS ANECDOTE ABOUT BISHOP HOSS

Maida Dugan's splendid article *How Can I know I've Been Saved?* [April, page 22] brings to mind an anecdote about Bishop E. Embree Hoss. He was reared in a Christian home, where he was taught from childhood that he was a redeemed child of God.

When he became a pastor, he encountered people who said that unless he could testify to a definite experience of conversion he could not be a Christian. One day he was asked, "Brother Hoss, do you know when and where you were saved?"

"Yes," he replied warmly, "I can tell you exactly the day and the hour, and also the place. It was one Friday afternoon about three, on a little hill just outside Jerusalem called Calvary."

MARTIN R. CHAMBERS
Winston-Salem, N.C.

DROPPING 'TEENS' COLUMN WAS WRONG WAY TO CHANGE

I am writing concerning your dropping of the *Teens* department. You have changed your magazine in the wrong way, in my opinion. I would like you to put *Teens* back in *Together* like it was before you combined two or three things into *You Asked*. I am one of the many teen-agers that read *Teens*.

ANGELA MILLER
Bellefontaine, Ohio

REVIEW MISSED BOOK'S POINT: CHURCHES' TECHNOLOGY ROLE

Your mention of *To Love or to Perish* in *Kaleidoscope* [March, page 42] is appreciated. But, it seems to me, it misses the point of the book. The point is to define the role of the Christian churches, and this it does in terms of love that is interpreted to mean liberation, justice, and reconciliation in both the theological and ethical dimensions.

The review laments the lack of



"This must be the place."

technologists on the task force. There was no lack—each major field had a highly qualified spokesman. This included genetics, energy, chemistry, physics, computers, urban engineering, labor organizations, management. Secondly, we were not seeking to review technological advances but to relate these to the function of religion and the role of the churches.

I think our current fascination with technology tends to blind us to the theological-ethical emphasis the book attempts.

J. EDWARD CAROTHERS
Salisbury, Vt.

Dr. Carothers was associate general secretary of the Board of Missions until 1970, when he became cochairman of a task force on *The Future of Mankind in a World of Science-Based Technology*. To Love or to Perish is a report of that committee's two-year study.

—Your Editors

DON'T RESTRICT HANDICAPPED

Thanks for Victor W. Wheeler's article *From That Moment* [March, page 44]. Being physically handicapped myself, it is good to see that someone has learned that the major handicap a person with a physical disability has is the restrictions other people put on him.

The only other handicap is the way the person looks at himself. This sometimes is easier to overcome because you have only one person to deal with—yourself.

ROBERT HENRY
Toronto, Ohio

WHY NOT APPLY JESUS' MATH TO AMNESTY ISSUE?

I find it difficult to understand the attitude of so many Christians, so many clergymen, and so many church-related people on the issue of amnesty. The Rev. Clark W. Howard [see *Letters*, April, page 34] says what many others imply: "The guy that shirks should be held up to public scorn."

As I see it in my understanding of Christ's good news, he is always looking for the lost sheep to come home. I'm glad, personally, that God doesn't hold up to public scorn all those who shirk in going all out for our church, our Savior, and our God.

Thousands seem to have forgotten the forgiving nature of God, especially Jesus' instructions to forgive "seventy times seven."

PAUL C. REED
Anna, Ohio

LEADERS NEED AMNESTY, TOO

Wouldn't a Christian spirit recommend amnesty all around—to our youth who could not blindly violate their consciences, to our leaders who misled, and to ourselves whose neglect of God contributed to this tragic episode? Let us forgive and forget, but never let it happen again.

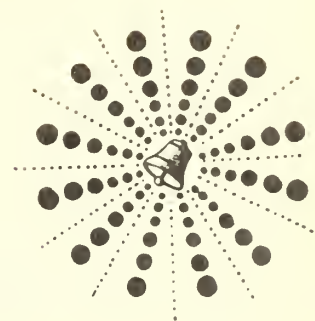
ARDEN McALLISTER
Medina, N.Y.

FROM THE JANITOR: REMINDER OF THE ORGANIST

I am writing to pass on to you a tale of which I was reminded by Ruth L. Wixon's article, *Please Don't Call Him 'Janitor'* [January, page 27].

There once was a church organist who found that he was unable to make a living from his salary as an organist, and he began to cast about for other employment to supplement his income. About that time the position of church sexton became vacant, and the trustees offered it to the organist; he accepted.

In one way this arrangement worked out very well, for the organist-sexton got along nicely on the combined income from the two jobs, and it certainly was convenient since both jobs were under one roof. But in another way it was almost disastrous, for in trying to hold down two jobs he hardly had time to sleep or



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eot. He was kept so busy that he was worn to a frazzle, and what with trying to keep up with his organ practice and his dusting of the furniture, he had a terrible time minding his keys and pews!

FRANK B. MICHAEL
Dayton, Ohio

Sometimes we hate ourselves for reminding people of things.—Editors

MARCH ISSUE WAS ENJOYED

My sincere congratulations on and thanks for the March issue, particularly for a glimpse of my old friend Paul's birthplace [see *Tarsus Today*, page 4] and the splendid presentation of *Christ's Call to Discipleship* [page 21]. Also, *Sharing Christ's Love in Service* [page 29] describes one of the most practical and straight-to-the-mork methods of church financing I've heard of.

ALBERT M. B. SNAPP
Retired Minister
Wyoming, Del.

DISCIPLESHIP SECTION: 'INSPIRATIONAL WITNESSING'

Many congratulations on the section of the Morch issue entitled *Christ's Call to Discipleship*. Outstanding and inspirational witnessing. This is real United Methodist emphasis. Keep it up.

Will this section be available as a tract?

FREDERICK W. VOGELL, Pastor
Old Mystic United Methodist Church
Old Mystic, Conn.

Extra copies of *Christ's Call to Discipleship* are available. For more information write to *Together*, 201 Eighth Avenue, S., Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

—Your Editors

CHRIST, NOT POLLS, DECIDES THE RIGHTNESS OF AN ISSUE

As I read the letter from Loren E. Jackson and 61 others in *Say It!* [Morch, page 15], the major problem of The United Methodist Church come alive. The measurement of the rightness or wrongness of an issue is never settled

in 62 opinions or anyone's poll. The issue is settled in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The real problem of the church today is that we want it to please our feelings; the teachings of Jesus are not really that important to us.

What has happened to the compassionate, loving Christ we read about in the Gospels? Where is the reconciler, the counselor, that John's Gospel promises? What has happened to the "Spirit of truth" (John 14:16) for the church today?

It just might be that the Holy Spirit spoke to our General Conference, and their statements just might be prophetic. How about listening to God's voice instead of to our own?

RALPH FELLERSEN, Pastor
The United Methodist Church
of Rancho Cordova, Calif.

'OUR GOVERNMENT IS THE BEST THERE IS'

I endorse the stand taken by Loren E. Jackson and 61 others. I know many feel the same way—that the laity should be more fully represented in the decisions of the church.

Our government is the best government there is—the many people who come here from other countries signify to this—and until war can be outlawed, I support our country and our President's decisions.

If draft dodgers receive the complete amnesty they want, what is to prevent any group from taking off with an idea of its own as to how our country should be run? There are peaceful ways of protesting, and our laws can always be changed by a majority of the people.

WINNIE E. MILLER
Bolivar, Mo.

LENTEN ARTICLES BROUGHT STRENGTH TO CARRY ON

As a faithful reader of our fine church paper, I wish to call special attention to retired Bishop Gerold H. Kennedy's articles appearing during this Lenten season. [See *A Way in the Wilderness*, Morch, page 12; *What We Need Most*, April, page 14; *To See Right Prevail*, May, page 38].

What better time than Lent to hear the (wilderness) call and answer it? It gave me new strength to carry on.

MRS. WILLIS S. DARROW
Tacoma, Wash.

SOCIETY OF ST. STEPHEN REPORT PROMPTS INQUIRIES

You published a one-page story on the Society of St. Stephen in your October, 1972, issue. [See *Servants to the Needy*, page 9.] I have been organizing these societies since I founded the first one six or seven years ago; we have about 100 now.

As a result of your article, I am getting many letters from people asking how to organize a society and something of the idea's background. I have written an 11-page summary of the program, including how to get a society started, which any of your readers may have for the asking.

I really enjoyed the Morch issue, especially *Tarsus Today*.

WOODROW SEALS
Houston, Texas

Address inquiries to Coordinator,
Societies of St. Stephen, 5215 S.
Main St., Houston, Texas 77002.

—Your Editors

TOGETHER IS READ SOUTH OF THE BORDER, TOO

As a new subscriber, it pleases me to let you know that the more I read *Together*, the better I like it; and I am becoming better acquainted with United Methodist thought and activities in the USA. *Together* helps us to be better Christians, and I think it deserves the wholehearted support of the people called Methodists.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I am a Mexican and I worship in the Methodist church in Tijuana. My church is in friendly relationship with some United Methodist churches in southern California. This year we are celebrating with joy and thankfulness the centennial of The Methodist Church in the Republic of Mexico.

ALEJANDRO MENDOZA
Tijuana, Mexico

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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When a minister leaves the seminary,



is his mind supposed to stop growing?

In our modern world, the only thing that stays the same is change.

Today's minister must cope with the congregation's changing values, life styles, problems and attitudes. He may need knowledge and skills which were not even available when he completed his formal education.

This is why his *continuing education* is so vitally important. Communications . . . counselling . . . group dynamics . . . socio-economics . . . administration . . . and others. Continuing education for ministers includes such simple things as magazines, books or a cassette service. And it also includes time off for further study.

Your minister has one of the most difficult and important jobs in the world. It is an

obligation and in the self-interest of a congregation to make sure he has all the help and educational opportunities he needs to perform that job to the very best of his abilities.

You can help by supporting your minister in his requests that involve continuing education.

Remember, he's not doing it for himself. He's doing it for you.

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Do you think of alcoholics as unkempt, homeless men who wander unsteadily through city streets, panhandling coins to buy cheap wine and beer? Some alcoholics are like that, but—

They're Not All on Skid Row

By Sara Owen

OUR MONTHLY couples' bridge group was playing in our home one evening last July when the telephone rang. The call was for my husband, an attorney, and I remember thinking: *Why do people always wait till we're having a party to get arrested!*

But the call was from Hal who had left our party earlier with his wife, Judy, called home by a sick child. Hal was in jail, charged with DWI—Driving While Intoxicated. Rounding a curve close to their home, he had swung out of his lane and slammed into an oncoming car.

Most of us had been drinking that evening—three or four cocktails at least—and as I remember, nobody's bridge was any sharper than Hal's driving. He had failed the police Breath-a-lyzer test, and the occupants of the other car were in critical condition. Hal and Judy were uninjured.

John went to post Hal's bail, and a feeling of shock settled over us all.

"Man, if that ever happened to me," one of the fellows volunteered, "I'd leave before the cops showed. Better to be charged with leaving the scene of an accident than DWI."

And another added, "You know, the frightening part is, it *could* have been any one of us. Hal actually had less to drink than the rest of us because he left earlier."

Another fellow who is a night law student agreed and added, "The most tragic part comes if those people die. DWI will be changed to an even more serious manslaughter charge!"

This was too much for his wife who was almost in tears. "What do you mean, 'the most tragic part'?" she demanded. "The tragedy will be those two lives lost needlessly. What if those two people were our children!"

I was feeling distinctly uncomfortable for it was my husband and I who had mixed those drinks and kept the glasses full. Then, from one of our most mouse-like friends, came an insightful comment.

"Our society treats liquor much too casually," she said quietly. "Just look at almost every party invitation you get. 'Come for cocktails.' 'Stop by for a drink.' I even quit bowling because everybody got polluted on beer. Look at us here tonight. We can't even play bridge without a few . . ."

I couldn't resist adding that I had become tired of going to one round of cocktail parties after another, talking to people so bombed they couldn't carry on a decent conversation.

"That may be one of the reasons church socials are so well attended," added Charlie, who had also been very quiet. He said he felt a church social was one place he could go, be with people he really likes, and know for



sure he would end up sober. Charlie's quietness stemmed from a deep-seated drinking problem that had threatened his marriage to Mary Lee.

A lot of disturbing facts were thrown around our living room that night. Alcohol, it was pointed out, is the number one reason for divorce in this country. The U.S. Department of Transportation attributes more traffic deaths to alcohol than to any other factor. "If any other disease were as prevalent as alcoholism, the President would declare a national epidemic," our doctor guest declared. And it all stems from our "harmless little cocktail habit."

My husband and I are United Methodists, active in our big city church. We enjoy wine with our meals and sometimes have cocktails—and so are and so do most of our friends and contemporaries. But the jolt that hit Hal and Judy that night sent shock waves through our entire circle, touching even casual acquaintances.

When John returned from the police station, we all bombarded him with questions, and he cleared up a few legal technicalities. For one thing, "leaving the scene"—which actually would be the charge of "Failure to Stop and Render Aid"—is as serious as DWI.

Gradually the guests departed until finally just Charlie and Mary Lee were left. I suggested a cup of coffee, and the four of us gathered around the kitchen table. The comfortable atmosphere of a kitchen always seems to lend itself to deep soul-searching, but I felt ill at ease with Charlie still there, remembering the hard battle he was just beginning to win with alcohol. Yet he was the one who seemed to want to lay the cards on the table.

Speaking earnestly, Charlie told us how difficult it remained for him to go to a party and not drink. Just the week before, he said, his boss had pushed a drink on him, and Charlie had to either look him straight in the eye and say, "Look, I'm an alcoholic—get off my back," or take the drink and pour it down the sink.

A worried look crossed Mary Lee's face. "Well, go on. Which did you do?"

"I took the chicken way out, naturally, and poured it down the sink. I try to avoid office stag parties like the plague. It's hard to come up with an excuse every time though."

I had been curious about Charlie's recovery, and since he seemed willing to talk about it, I asked how he had been able to pull himself together.

"Oh, I'll take all the credit," Mary Lee teased. "I pushed an Ann Landers column under his nose one night after dinner."

"You've got to be kidding!" John howled.

"No, she's right," Charlie grinned sheepishly. "It was one of those do-it-yourself tests on how far you're into booze. One of the questions that really stayed with me was: 'True or False? The attitude of a drinker is as important as the amount he drinks.'"

The columnist said the statement is true and followed in heavy black type with, "When drinking becomes part of a person's life-style, he's in trouble."

I realize, of course, that most of us want to be sophisticated like the attractive people in the liquor ads. It seems we close our eyes to the fact that alcohol is both addictive and dangerous. And strangely enough, the most fun times I remember were extremely unsophisticated. Also, the older I get, the more I find enjoyment

and meaning in a social life that revolves around the church.

My thoughts that night turned to our three sons asleep upstairs. *How could we convince them alcohol is bad when, number one, it's legal, and number two, it's socially acceptable? Certainly they are aware of their parents' attitudes and life-styles.*

As these thoughts went through my mind, Charlie continued talking about the new life he had found. He told of the strong bond that unites recovered alcoholics who work together to stay sober. One man in particular had helped him through some pretty rough spots, and he said he was always eager to help another in return.

Part of his program is reading everything he can find on alcoholism. A Chicago psychologist, he said, lays the responsibility of the alcoholic personality on parents. After working with alcoholics for years, the psychologist has found that, without exception, alcoholics have a history of early drinking.

The National Council on Alcoholism (NCA) backs up this theory. The council stresses the danger of allowing teen-agers to have cocktails or beer, pointing out that it is rare indeed to encounter an alcoholic who did not begin drinking during adolescence. Parents who serve their children "kiddie cocktails" were singled out for special warning.

A kiddie cocktail, by the way, is ginger ale served in a champagne glass, topped with a maraschino cherry. I recalled having one in New Orleans when I was 16. I seriously considered firing up a cigarette to go along with it. I felt so grown-up!

"Perhaps I should worry more about our boys ending up as alcoholics on skid row," I said.

Charlie objected immediately to the "skid row" reference. That is a common myth about alcoholics, he said. Most never end up as skid-row bums.

In fact, the NCA says that the typical alcoholic is between 35 and 55 years old, is married, and has a job and several children. Alcoholism away from skid row—more prevalent than cancer, tuberculosis, and cerebral palsy all rolled into one—is indeed a national epidemic.

It was quite late when Charlie and Mary Lee finally left, and John and I fell silent as we did some tentative straightening up. We had a great deal to think about.

There was no denying that a strong moral thread had been woven throughout the evening. Our children absorb our attitudes through out actions. When they see us treat liquor so casually, they grow up unaware of the disastrous and addictive side effects. And we unconsciously give them these sophisticated attitudes. They grow up believing it's impossible for adults to go swimming at the club without a drink; impossible to eat dinner without a cocktail or two; impossible to have guests without booze.

We know we won't change the world. We know Prohibition wasn't the answer. But I remember the story I once heard of one old tavern owner who summed up the problem very neatly. He had listened patiently to the young Methodist minister who burst into his tavern ranting about the evils of liquor and urging the owner to close his business. After the young man had finished, the proprietor tipped his chair back and drawled:

"Preacher, you keep your Methodists out of my joint, and I'll have to close." □



David, 11, a victim of mongolism, thinks he's hidden when he gets behind a tree.

Expanding Horizons at Sky Lake

A United Methodist camp gives a retarded child and others with special needs a chance
to discover God in nature and fellowship with each other.

Text by Helen Johnson / Pictures by George P. Miller

TO GET TO Sky Lake Camp you leave New York Route 17 at the Damascus exit, and that is singularly appropriate because those 914 beautiful acres of woodland and lake operated by the Wyoming Conference of The United Methodist Church have brought about life-changing experiences for many campers.

The camp brochure puts it this way: "As a part of the program of The United Methodist Church, experiences at Sky Lake should contribute in a unique way to helping people grow in awareness of God and his creative process and in commitment to Christ."

During the camping season, which begins in late June and ends in September, there is continuous activity. There are camps for groups of boys and girls from upper elementary grades through senior high school. There are camps for families. A trail camp offers a week of hiking. Retired people meet together for two-day conferences. And camps have been developed in response to the special needs that some people have.

Camps for the physically handicapped—adults and children over nine years old—are designed around the individual needs and capabilities of each camper. The goal is to help each person experience God's creative process at work in nature to the fullest extent possible.

Special-needs camps for mentally retarded or brain-injured children and adults have the same goals. When

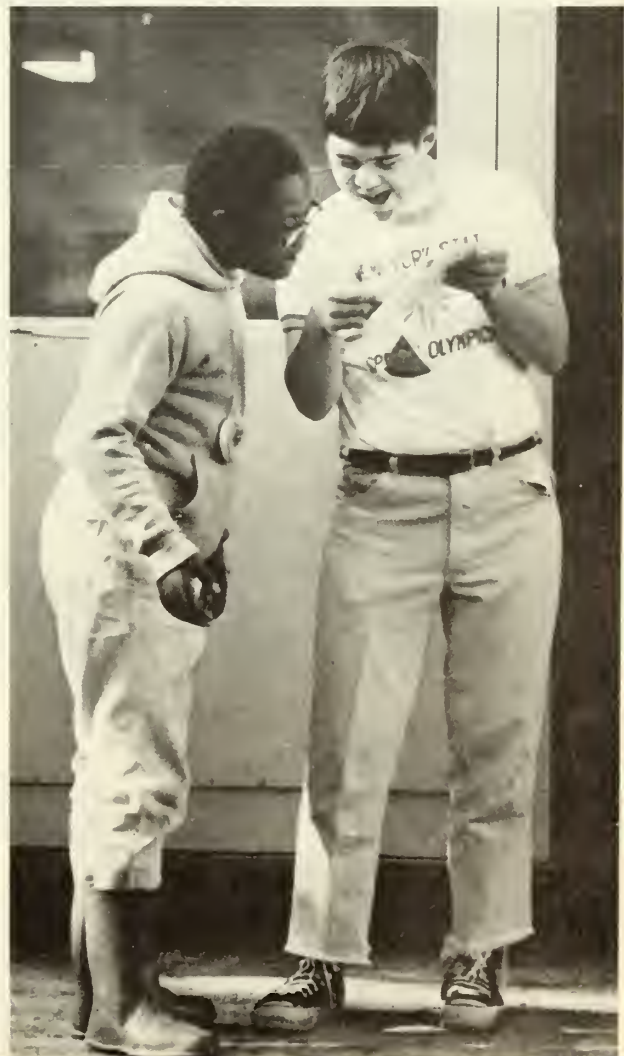
Together Picture Editor George P. Miller visited one of these camps in 1972, he found children there as young as 11 and adults as old as 58. They suffered from varying degrees of retardation, relatively mild to severe.

Camp programs have to be very flexible to stay within the limited capabilities of these campers and yet help them grow in experience to the fullest extent of their potential. A variety of traditional church-camping activities go on—group singing, worship, campfire sessions, square dancing, boating, swimming, nature study, and crafts. For some of the campers it is the first time they have ever been included in any kind of group activity.

Some of them live at schools for the mentally retarded, but most live at home with their families. For these families the week that their "child" spends at camp is the only relief they get from a responsibility so difficult that few people can help them with it. And so special-needs camps perform a dual ministry, to the campers and to their families. "Families know that they can leave their 'child' with us, that he will be loved and accepted and well cared for," says Marguerite Shumway, director of one of Sky Lake's three camps for retarded and brain-damaged campers. The other two directors are Sandra Henderson and Mildred Wintermute.

To provide this kind of care and love, the number of counselors and counselor's aides in relation to the

David adds a piece of eggshell to a work of art he has made. And (right) he shows a birthday card from his sister to another camper. "It smells like hot dogs," he says enthusiastically. He had eaten three hot dogs the night before.



number of campers is very high. Campers are divided into groups of three to a cabin, and a young man and a young woman counselor are assigned to each group. These counselors are with their group 24 hours a day. In addition, each pair of counselors has four helpers—two working from seven o'clock in the morning to two in the afternoon, and two working from two in the afternoon until ten in the evening.

These aides come from a service camp for senior high-school students that the conference operates on the other side of the lake at the same time. Each aide works half of each day at the special-needs camp and has the other half-day for regular camping experiences. Most of the full-time counselors are "graduates" of this service-camp training.

Syracuse University student Clyde Oakley didn't want to come to his first camp. "But my friend's father decided he would volunteer our services—he's a pastor and he knew the director. I loved it very much and kept coming back." Last summer was his fourth year at camp and his third as a special-needs counselor.

Counseling made Toddy Holeman decide to go into special education, and she is studying it at college. "As you work with retarded people, the first thing that hits you is how much love they have to give you. And they really don't ask for that much back," she discovered.

When George Miller asked her about David, she exclaimed, "I love him. He's unique. I think he's one of the neatest kids I've worked with in this group. He has little ways of showing that he cares for you, too, like putting his hand on the top of your head or letting you show him different things."

David is unique in two other respects. He is Chinese, and very few Orientals suffer from mongolism. And while he adores food and eats as long as any is left, there is one food he hates—rice.

One high-school aide says that before she came to camp she thought of mentally retarded people as vegetables, people who just couldn't do anything. "But when I came to camp, I realized they went swimming and boating—you know—they had a good time, and it changed my concept of retarded people."

At the dock, a swimming instructor and one of his counselors explain swimming to David. He loves to play in the water.



Speaking of Garnet, a spastic camper, an aide said, "When I first saw her, I just couldn't imagine working with her. I thought we'd have to do everything for her, but I'm just amazed at how well she gets along. She can't use her fingers, but it's amazing what she can do." Proud of rowing a boat, Garnet had drawn a picture of herself rowing it. She had also drawn a flower on another camper's name tag.

Calvin D. Cramer, director of Wyoming Conference camps and conferences, says that extra effort is made to get information about special-needs campers' abilities and limitations before they arrive:

"We are more concerned that they will meet with success than we are with normal youngsters." He explained that where failure can be used as an opportunity to help normal children learn how to meet it, the special-needs campers already have had more than their share of failure.

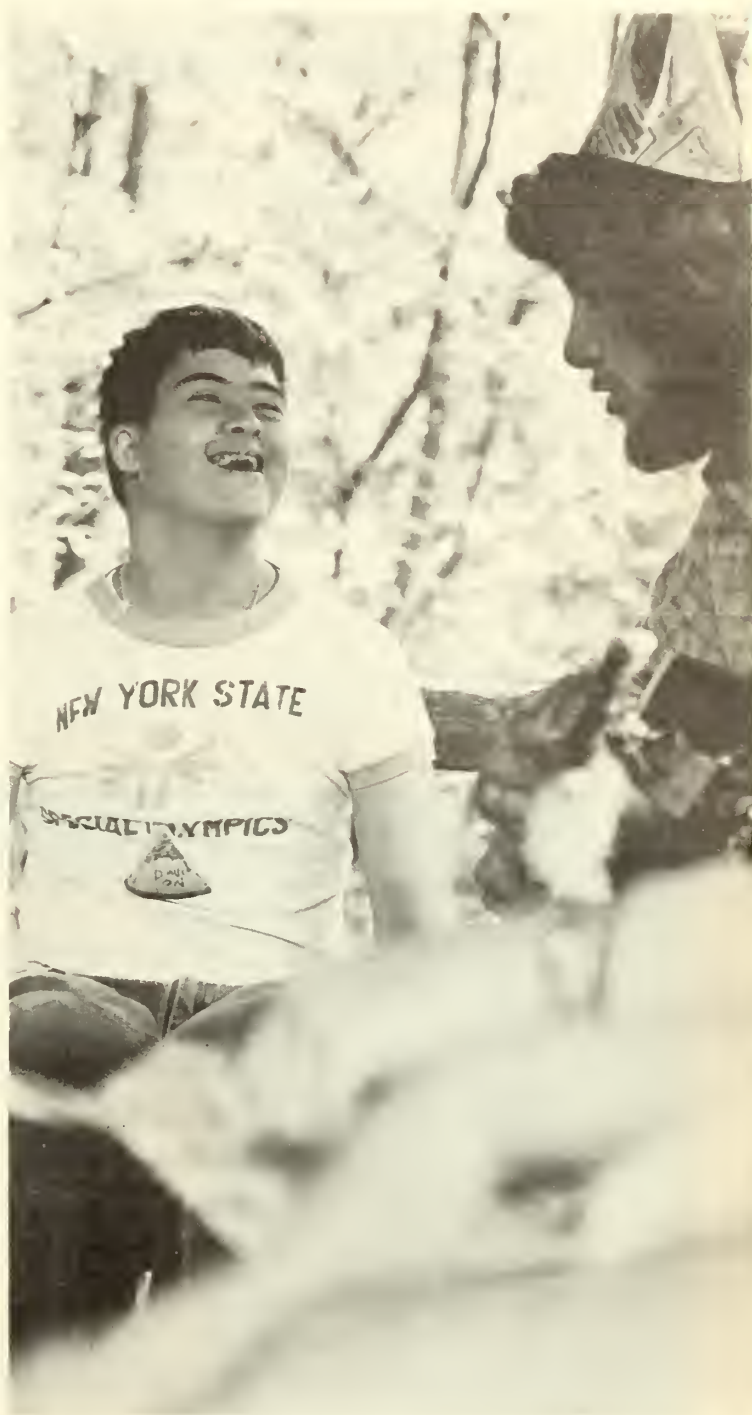
Families find out about special-needs camps through a brochure, and campers are accepted on a first-come, first-served basis. Counselors are accepted only after the director is sure that they are mature enough to last the whole week and can take care of whatever needs the campers may have.

Although attendance at church camps is dropping off across the country, the Wyoming Conference Committee on Camps and Conferences believes that there is a real ministry in developing camp programs to meet special needs. And, surprisingly, one need that has been uncovered is for families to be together more. "The church has been criticized for fragmenting families with all its different activities for mom, dad, and the children, so at Sky Lake we're trying to work toward getting them together," Mr. Cramer says. Attendance at camping programs at Sky Lake has increased steadily over the past three years.

There was a time when church camping was very tightly structured and everything happened by the clock. Then camping moved into unstructured programs. Mr. Cramer thinks that the pendulum swung too far in that direction but is coming back to midpoint now.

He believes in camping and the stated purposes of experiences at Sky Lake. It is hoped that as each camper sharpens his outdoor-living skills and considers the use of natural resources in a Christian context, his enjoyment and appreciation of God's creation will be deepened. Campers are helped to increase their understanding of worship as well as their skill in worshiping. Self-reliance and dependability are stressed in the recognition that when a camper develops these, he also develops a greater feeling of self-worth.

And through simple outdoor living in the fellowship of an all-inclusive Christian community, campers are shown the way to feel, think, and live more completely as Christians than they ever did before. This is what they take home with them. □



At first, counselor Clyde Oakley thought that David couldn't make himself understood. Then he found that although David is hard to understand, he does say words. They have become great friends. David gave Clyde his paper hat.

You Asked...

Why is the United Methodist Board of the Laity moving from Evanston, Ill., to Nashville, Tenn.?

In its restructuring of many United Methodist agencies, the 1972 General Conference merged the former Board of the Laity with two divisions of the Board of Education and the entire Board of Evangelism, creating the new Board of Discipleship. Since both of the latter boards already were based in Nashville, moving the former Board of the Laity staff to Nashville completes the new arrangement.

—Charles P. Kellogg
Assistant General Secretary
Board of Discipleship

Must one make a conscious decision for Christ before becoming a Christian?

By all means, and not just once but many times. To be a Christian is to grow as Jesus himself, as Luke wrote, grew in wisdom and in favor with God and men. That is why a vague decision, unconsciously made, is not enough. And that is also why a very conscious decision made at one time in life will not last for all of life. Christ calls for ever higher levels of response than any person makes on any given day. Indeed, there is a sense in which we are never finished Christians; we are, or should be, always becoming.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

If a conscious decision is required to be saved, why is it that United Methodist churches generally say so little about it?

Probably for two major reasons, one good, the other bad. The good reason is that some churches are so busy doing something about the growing decision to be Christ's people that they don't see the need to talk about it. In such churches, there are vital worship services, serious church-school classes, confirmation classes, and other activities that speak louder than words.

On the bad side, many churches are too embarrassed to ask their members for a clear commitment to Jesus Christ. They fail in words because they fail in action. In either case, it is well to remember the words of Jesus: "Not everyone who calls me 'Lord, Lord' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only those who do the will of my heavenly Father." (Matthew 7:21, NEB.)

—Bishop James S. Thomas

Why was the United Methodist Council on World Service and Finance changed to the Council on Finance and Administration?

The change came about through the action of the 1972 General Conference as recommended by the church's Structure Study Commission.

Some of the new duties of the council include performing accounting and reporting functions for all general program agencies of the church; developing investment policies for these agencies and a quarterly review of their investments; establishing policy governing leasing, sale, rental, renovation, or purchase of property of general agencies and holding property title to real estate; safeguarding the interests and rights of The United Methodist Church and making provisions for legal counsel at the request of a general agency or bishop; determining policy for ownership, lease, and use of computers by general agencies; setting a uniform policy for remuneration of general church-agency personnel; and working with annual conferences, districts, and local churches in developing good fiscal management procedures.—Ewing T. Wayland

Associate General Secretary
Council on Finance and Administration

I'm thinking about spending some time this summer in volunteer work. Where can I get information on opportunities?

Your church library may have copies of Church Occupations and Voluntary Service and Invest Yourself. Both tell of excellent possibilities for summer volunteer work. If you discover that your church does not have these booklets, the first may be secured at 10¢ per copy from the Interboard Committee on Enlistment for Church Occupations, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202; the latter from the Commission on Voluntary Service and Action, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027. Single copies of the Invest Yourself catalog are \$1 each.

—Dale White

Have you a question about the Christian faith, the church, a social issue, a personal or family problem? Perhaps You Asked . . . can provide an answer from our regular contributors, Bishop James S. Thomas or Dr. Dale White, or from some other church leader. Send questions to You Asked, c/o Together, 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

—Your Editors

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A Christian focus on the visions of reality and illusion that come to us from books, music, broadcasting, the theater, and other art forms.



Films

Two films on the life of Jesus are being shown in motion-picture theaters across the country, and one more is scheduled for release before the month of June is over.

The first to appear, with showings that began in the South in February, was **The Gospel Road**, a picture that is unique in its simplicity and sincerity, and unique because it is one man's personal witness.

"The film is my life's work. It's the reason I'm on this earth," says country-music star Johnny Cash, who coproduced it with his wife, June. Mr. Cash put something like \$500,000 into the film's making, and he both tells and sings this story of Jesus.

It began with a dream. When the Cashes were on a visit to Israel in 1966, Mrs. Cash woke up one morning and told her husband, "I dreamed I saw you standing on a mountain-top with a Bible in your hand talking about Jesus." *The Gospel Road* opens just that way, with Johnny Cash standing on Mount Arbela, overlooking the Sea of Galilee. He is dressed in black and carries a Bible in his hand, and he says, "Come walk with me through the roads and streets where Jesus walked."

Filmed in Israel, *The Gospel Road* is dominated by the rough landscape of the Holy Land and a powerful musical score that introduces several original gospel songs. But overriding these is the religious intensity of Johnny Cash himself.

June Carter Cash, as well known as her husband to country-music fans, plays the part of Mary Magdalene. Young, blond, and bearded Robert Elfstrom, who directed the picture, appears in the role of Christ. At first it wasn't planned to show the Lord at all, just his feet walking through the Holy Land. But both producer and director became convinced that it would take a full-dimensional Christ for the audience to reach out to and identify with.

The Gospel Road's chief appeal is to fundamentalists. **Godspell**, on the other hand, is contemporary, quick moving, concerned with joy and celebration. This modern version of the Gospel According to Matthew takes



Robert Elfstrom, above, is a conventional Christ figure in The Gospel Road. Below, loving hands reach out to Godspell's Jesus, played by Victor Garber with a heart upon his forehead and painted tears dropping from his eyes.

many of its lines from the New Testament, but it portrays a Jesus figure coming to New York City for one day. The tempo of its music, the urban setting, and the youth of its cast give it a special appeal for young people.

Godspell first appeared two years ago as an off-Broadway musical play. It is still playing in New York City, and it has been produced in more than a dozen American cities and in other cities around the world as well.

The third film on Jesus, due to be released in June, is **Jesus Christ Superstar**. The Broadway production of this rock opera was criticized sharply for its slickness and theatrical banalities, but the film version is being directed by Norman Jewison, who gave us the splendid film version of *Fiddler on the Roof*. He may give *Jesus Christ Superstar* some of the same integrity. Like *The Gospel Road*, it was filmed in Israel.

The Emigrants, an epic film about Swedish immigrants to the United States, and **Sounder**, a classically simple drama about a black sharecropper's family during the depression, have received the 1972 Inter-religious Film Awards granted by the National Council of Churches, the Synagogue Council of America, and the U.S. Catholic Conference.

The Emigrants, directed, photographed, and edited by Jan Troell, and released by Warner Brothers, was cited for telling its story "with consummate artistry and luminous grace."

Sounder, produced by Robert B. Radnitz, directed by Martin Ritt, and released by 20th Century-Fox, was praised for its portrayal of the "forging of a youngster's self-image of dignity through the strength of a father's love and his family's support in the midst of external hardship and poverty."

A special award of merit was granted to documentary film maker Marcel Ophuls. The awards committee said that Ophuls' film **The Sorrow and the Pity** is "a historical document of epic proportion" that gives "new meaning to the moral struggles of resistance and collaboration in Occupied France." His film **A Sense of Loss** also was cited as a valuable "interim report on contemporary events in Northern Ireland, exploring the irrational hatred caused by na-

tional and sectarian divisions which give rise to a revolutionary violence echoed throughout the world."

This is the second year for Inter-religious Film Awards. Protestants and Roman Catholics had been presenting awards since 1966. Last year they were joined by the Synagogue Council of America, representing all three major branches of U.S. Judaism.

The Sorrow and the Pity (G), possibly the finest documentary film ever made, centers in the French city of Clermont-Ferrand. Thirty years after the German occupation of France, director Ophuls interviews townspeople, former Wehrmacht and Gestapo operatives, former Resistance fighters, even Pierre Laval's son-in-law. These interviews are punctuated by sequences from German and French newsreels of the time. Most of the film is in French or German, with translations provided by subtitles or voice-over translations. It is four and a half hours long, so be prepared for a long session that is emotionally exhausting yet rich in human experience.

In contrast, take the kids and enjoy **Tom Sawyer** (G). This musical adaptation of the Mark Twain classic is slick, but it's delightful. Johnny Whitaker plays the part of Tom, and Celeste Holm is his Aunt Polly.

And whatever you do, don't let your children miss **Charlotte's Web** (G), based on the beloved children's book by E. B. White. Don't let yourself miss it, either. This marvelous animated film about Charlotte, the spider who is problem-solver, philosopher, and inspiration to Wilbur the Pig, should become a film classic. It is about life, death, and life beyond death, and nine songs by the composer and lyricist of *Chim Chim Cherie* will help its audiences carry it out of the theater and into their own lives.

Then there are two R-rated films that deserve mention for special reasons. **Save the Tiger** gives us Jack Lemmon as a garment manufacturer who is willing to go to any lengths for his business. It is an important film, and one that offers serious adult groups excellent discussion possibilities. In the other film, **Chloe in the Afternoon**, French director Eric Rohmer suggests that emotional in-

fidelity may be more genuine than physical unfaithfulness. This urbane, good-humored film is about a young Paris businessman who finds himself involved in a very real relationship with a woman who is not his wife. Groups concerned with the relationships between man and woman can find a discussion base in this film.



Michelangelo's Pieta, which was mutilated last May by a man who now is in an institution for the criminally insane, seems to be more beautiful than ever. The Carrara marble statue of the Madonna and her dead Son in St. Peter's Basilica has been repaired so skillfully that you have to look very closely to see that Mary's left arm and fingers, her left eyelid, her nose, and parts of her neck, head, and veil have been glued on.

Looking that closely is impossible for the ordinary visitor now because the *Pieta* is protected by a thick bulletproof glass partition that stands about eight yards in front of it.

Pieta literally means piety and pity, but in art it means the representation of Mary resting the dead body of her Son on her lap and mourning over him. This was a popular theme in the art of the late Middle Ages, and in Michelangelo's statue, created shortly before 1500, it reached its highest expression.

Many people have asked why this Mary looks younger than Christ. Michelangelo himself explained that he did this on purpose to express the perpetual virginity of Mary which, he said, keeps body and spirit young and pure. This explanation was 350 years ahead of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which was adopted by the Roman Catholic Church in 1854. Some Catholics believe that since Mary never suffered the consequences of Original Sin, she did not show the ravages of age.

The *Pieta* was made for St. Peter's Basilica and has stood there except when it was sent to New York City for exhibit at the World's Fair in 1964. Placed over the altar in a side chapel of the Basilica, it invites people to pray and meditate.

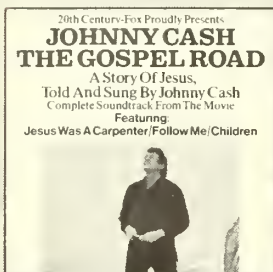
Michelangelo made three more

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To United Methodist theologian Georgia Harkness, mysticism isn't astrology, fortune-telling, clairvoyance, mental telepathy, or spiritualism in any of its forms.

Rather, she says in *Mysticism: Its Meaning and Message* (Abingdon, \$5.50), true mysticism "centers in the presence of God within the human spirit. Thus it is religion at its deepest and most inward level." She is suspicious of being lifted out of oneself into a state of ecstasy. That is abnormal and pathological. She says that mysticism in its truest form may be called personal prayer and worship, or the devotional life, or "the practice of the presence of God."

Her book, which does not deal with Oriental mysticism, includes passages from the writings of Christian mystics from St. Augustine to Dag Hammarskjöld. And she makes crisp judgments. Paul, she says, was the first Christian mystic. She thinks that Luther had the capacity for mystical experience, but Calvin didn't. Charles Wesley could be called a mystic, but John Wesley couldn't. And of Jesus himself: "I do not think we can say that Jesus was

a mystic. . . he cannot be run into a single category. He had every gift of the mystic, but more. . . If we are to try to classify such a universal man, he is best viewed, not as a mystic, but as a prophet of Israel and a rabbinical teacher with a marvelously fresh and life-giving outlook on the nature of both God and man."

An ordained United Methodist minister, Dr. Harkness has taught at Garrett Theological Seminary, the Pacific School of Religion, International Christian University in Japan, Union Theological Seminary in Manila, Mount Holyoke College, and Elmira College. One of the courses she taught for some 20 years at Garrett and the Pacific School of Religion was "Mysticism and the Devotional Classics."

Honest Prayer (Seabury, \$4.50) is a strong, refreshing study of prayer in the Christian life and faith. Episcopal minister John Shelby Spong has structured it on the Lord's Prayer and shares both biblical insights and his own personal search for meaningful prayer.

While *Honest Prayer* is especially helpful for those Christians for whom the traditional language of prayer has become routine and lacking in meaning, it will enrich the prayers of those who don't have these troubles in their prayer life, too. It's an excellent guidebook to prayer.

getting along Together

While in New York City, I had decided to visit an old friend. Our visit broke up quite late at night so I decided to take a taxi back to my hotel. Halfway there I discovered I was short on cash so I called to the driver, explained, and asked him to let me out when the meter reached the sum I had.

"I'll take you to your hotel, Miss," he replied. "A young woman's personal safety is still a lot more important to me than money."

—Rosemary Moran, Cressona, Pa.



TV

Everybody complains about summer reruns, but they do give you a second-time-around chance to see programs you missed before. And you should be outdoors more anyway.

Consider these previously unseen network specials scheduled for June 6 before you plan your yard work, though:

June 6 on CBS, 8-9 p.m.—CBS News special, *King George III, the Last King of America*.

June 6 on ABC, 8-9 p.m.—*Fabulous Funshine Frolics*. Tony Randall hosts a music and variety special from Weeki Wachee Spring and Silver Springs, two of Florida's popular tourist attractions.

June 6 on ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.—ABC News special on the use of methadone in narcotics treatment.

June 18 on ABC, 8-9 p.m.—Second chance to see *Hippo*, from *The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau*. Based on a rare inland expedition to study Africa's shorelines and film the hippopotamus and the crocodile.

All times given are eastern time, and since special programming is sometimes changed at the last minute, see your local listings for possible revisions. Check your local listings, too, for what's on your Public Broadcasting channel. There's an endless variety of good things there.

—Helen Johnson

I found myself fussing more and more at my husband about little things that weren't getting done in the house and yard. So we agreed to put up a complaint box, put our complaints in writing, and open the box in 60 days.

By the time we opened it, I had put in a dozen complaints. He had put in only three, all of which said only, "I love you."

I threw out the box—and stopped complaining.

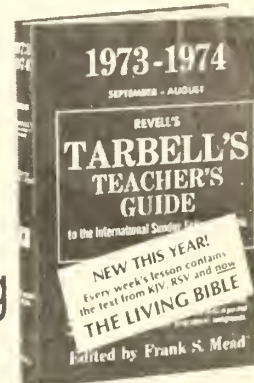
—Mrs. Roberta Rich, Lansing Mich.

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—Your Editors

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'A Riot in the Choir Loft'

Dear Editor:

Why I am writing you is to ast if you can xplain sum of the misterious ways of my preacher, Bro. Harol Viktor, but first will tell you what happened.

Yesterday me and Froggie Fenton was walking down to Ed Adams Dry-goods and Genl. Mds. store in the hart of downtown Elsewhere where we sumtimes loaf and josh around and was intersected on the rodeside by Bro. Viktor.

"Gentlemen, may I join you on a truly ekumenical missun this morning?" he ast. "It seams a brother, not of our faith or presuasion, is in grate need of solace."

"Wood that be old Ben Brown the well known athist?" Froggie ast.

"Not this time, Bro. Fenton. The object of my delikate missun this a.m. is Mr. Edward Adams hissself, a pillar as you know of the Universal New Life church, and a leading man of business hear."

"Has old Ed strayed from the strait and narrow way?" I ast.

"In a manner of speaking, Hegbert, altho I am not at liberty to divulge what may be only a malicious slandorous rumor."

So we walked on down the rode to the store and found 7 or 8 gaithered around what Ed calls his "daily spread." Ever morning he lays out slices of chedder and baloney, sardines, bred and crackers and sits their acrost the counter and marks down whatever we eat or drink, but this morning I seen rite off that Ed's rite arm was broke and in a sling.

"What happened to your arm, Ed?" Froggie ast. "Is it broke?"

"No it aint broke," Ed said. "I put it in this sling to keep myself from whopping people over the top of the hed when they ast me such foolish questions."

"I wood like me one of them combinashun cheese, sardine, and baloney sanwiches with plenty of mustard on both slices of bred," said Big Ollie Owens.

"Well, you will have to make it yourself this morning," Ed said. "One slice of cheese, one of baloney, only four sardines, and mark yourself down for 40¢, a dime more if you git sody pop."

Bro. Viktor then raised his arms for silence and said: "Edward, my good friend, I speak in behalf of the Elsewhere UM church, even tho you darken not our door, in xpressing sympathy to you and yours after a most unfortunate accident. Wood you tell us what happened so that we can dispell ugly rumors running through our community?"

"I dont know if I deserve sympathy, parson," Ed said. "I am guilty of averice and greed. Gentlemen, I was a wild man rioting with members of the New Life church over a pile of rummage in our choir loft."

"Yes, I had herd that you New Lifers were planning a big rummage sale this Saturday," Bro. Viktor said. "I have it on my UM suggester to drop by for fellowship and, perchance, a bargain or two."

"Well, dont waist your time parson," Ed said. "They wont be no rummage sale. Us members of the choir cleaned it all out nite afore last in one of the wildest affairs you ever seen. We was piling on and hitting so much that if we had bin the Cowboys or the Jets we wood have drew two or three 15-yd. penalties."

"Tut, tut," said Bro. Viktor.

"Yes, parson, it was a nite of shear horror, friend agin friend, naybor agin naybor, a riot in the choir loft over nite gowns, shoes, coats, shirts, pants, old fashuned ties, suspenders, and belts.

"Me and Rudy Riley was havin a tug of war over a pair of them

fancy bellbottom pants my wife thinks I need to fit my image as a modren business man when one leg tore off and I fell down the choir loft steps and broke my arm."

Froggie laffed and slapt his leg until Ed gave him a hard look and said: "How many sody pops have you had, 4 or 5?"

"Only 3," Froggie said. "A orange, a lemon, and a strawberry."

"Well, be shure you put them all down on the list," Ed said.

"Don't you worrie," Froggie said. "Us Methdists is honest and we dont go around rioting over a lot of rummage like you New Lifers."

"Now Bro. Fenton," our preacher said, "I woodnt go so far as to say that. I learnt a long time ago to keep our church rummage under lock and key until day of sale. Gentlemen, the rummage sale is a grate institution, if run properly. Why, I know of several instances where rummage alone has kept open the doors of the church. But even I, a man of the cloth, have not always been without greed. I limp with corns caused 40 years ago by rummage sale shoes 2 sizes too small which I grabbed on the run before anybody else cud beat me to them."

"O the shame of it all!" wailed Ed. "O the misirie brought down on our heds! I have disgraced myself over a torn-up pair of pants, a sport coat with a hole burnt in it, and a pair of purple and red underwear big enough to fit old Ollie over their."

"I wood assume," said Bro. Viktor, "that the New Life choir has made monetary restitution."

"Parson, we raised 4 times what everything was worth just to cure our guilty conschunces. Why I cud have outfitted myself a lot cheaper hear in my own store."

"Well, just dont try to git your money back by overcharging us for these measley little old sanwiches," said Big Ollie, fixing up another.

But why I wrote you, Mr. Editor, is do you think us Methdists wood riot in our own choir lofts, or was Bro. Viktor just trying to make poor old Ed feel better?

Sinsereley, *H. Clutter*



Just-Ten Time

To have a just-ten daughter is to know
A pausing in the path of hurried growth;
Now is the enchanted time when moments glow
With all the pristine candidness of youth.
Here is the realm where dolls are not "too young";
When thoughts, like bright spring brooklets, bubble
free;

When laughter tinkles lightly on the tongue;
And fairy tales are not yet stored away.
Just-ten is well behaved and poised; but yet
The woman in her wakes enough to love
Swishing her petticoats in a pirouette,
To pose a bit, to be demonstrative.
In time who would deny her wings to soar?
But now I yearn to padlock every door!

—Jean Mergard

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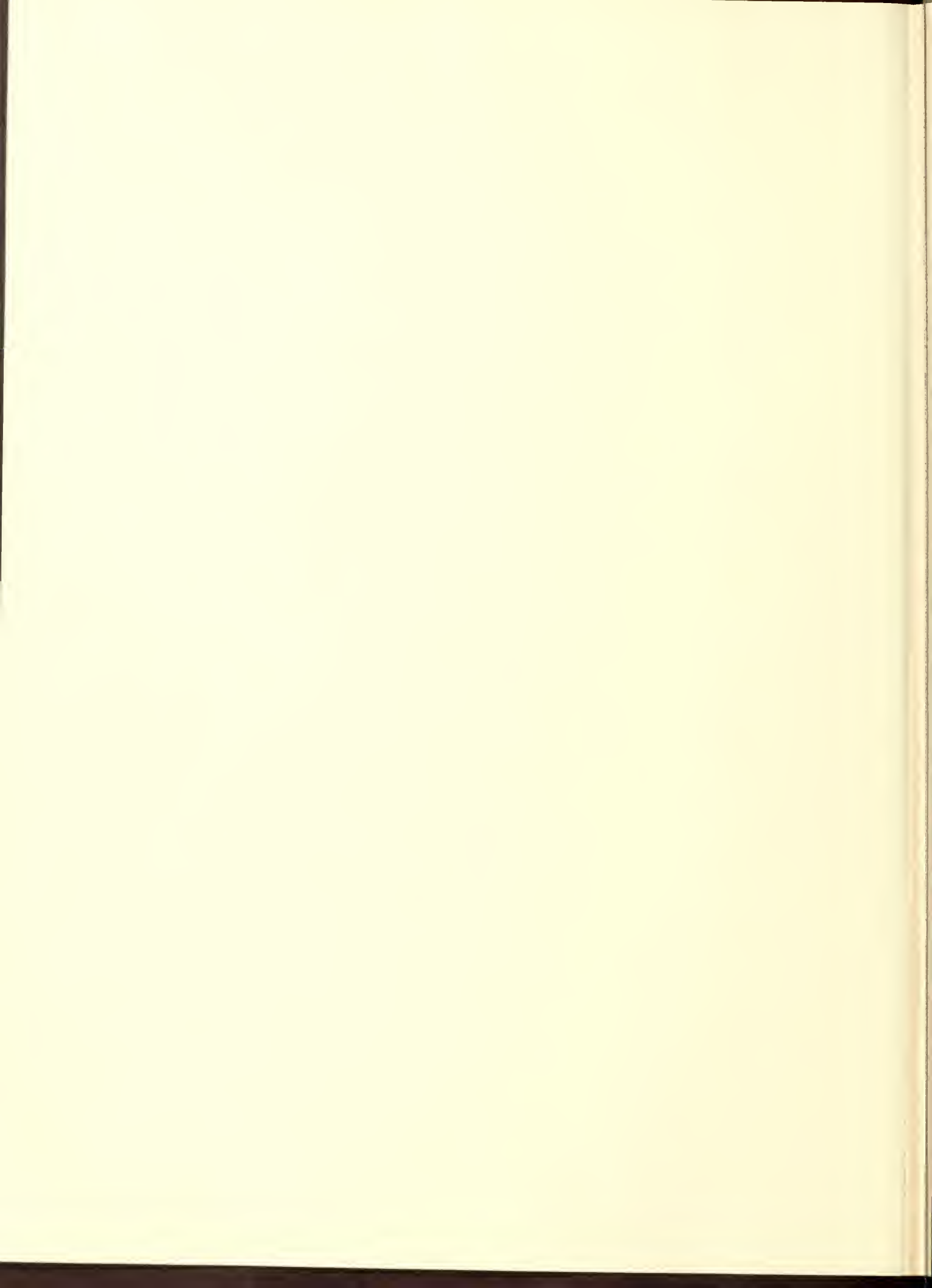
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